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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 316.

DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING.

BY EREN E. BEXFORD,
Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Oh, why are you sorrowful, darling,
And sad when the summer is here?
Do you think o' the fall o' the autumn leaf,
And the lonesome time o' the year?
The summer is ours, my darling,
With its June-time songs and sun,
And the autumn-time is far away
When the summer is just begun.
Don't think of the shadows, darling;
Don't look for the clouds and rain,
But smile in the sunshine o' summer days
That never will come again.
How can you be sorrowful, darling,
In the great, warm heart of June,
When the world is tender and true to us,
And life like a pleasant tune?
Ah, smile in the sunshine, darling,
Be glad while the summer's here,
Don't think of the time o' the falling leaf,
And the lonesome days o' the year.
Don't miss all the sunshine, darling,
With thinking of clouds and rain,
God knows they will come to us soon enough,
But to grieve for them is vain.

Kansas King: OR, THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WM. F. CODY),
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY EYE, THE UN-
KNOWN SCOUT," "THE PRAIRIE
ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

So mystified was the Scout at all he had seen and heard that he was at first tempted to break his word and follow on after the maiden, that he might solve the puzzle of her being there in the midst of the Black Hills, and, by her own words, no stranger in that wild region.

Had her language and appearance been different, had she been some bold, rude girl of the frontier, he might have believed her the daughter of some reckless borderman, who, tiring of the society of his fellow-men, had sought a home in that far-away country; or, mayhap, the wife of an Indian camp, stolen from some settlement during a red-skin raid, and raised in the wigwam of a chief.

But her looks, her language, all belied these suppositions, and as to who or what she was the Scout remained in the dark.

"Well, I'll never solve the mystery standing here; I will back to camp, and perhaps, as she said, we may meet again."

So saying, Red-Hand slung his rifle across his arm, and stepped forward to tear the scalp-locks of the Sioux from their heads, when there came the sharp crack of a rifle, the whir of a bullet, and the Scout staggered backward and fell, a crimson stream bursting from his left temple.

As Red-Hand fell to the ground a tall form suddenly came down the steep hillside, his rifle, still smoking, held in his hand.

It was no Indian that had thus turned his rifle upon the Scout, to avenge his slain comrades, but a man of his own race, though the upper part of his face was darkly bronzed, almost to the hue of the red-skin, and the lower part of his face was concealed beneath an iron-gray beard, that fell in masses below his left temple.

His eyes were dark, fiery, constantly restless, and his hair white and worn long, though age could have scarcely thus frosted hair and beard, and left the form strong and upright.

Over six feet in height, straight as an arrow, with broad shoulders and massive breast, and clad in a suit of buckskin, he was a majestic specimen of manhood, a manhood marred by a certain iniquity of manner, nervous restlessness of the eyes, and a look of cruelty and avariciousness upon his face.

Besides his rifle, one of the Spencer pattern, he carried in his belt a revolver, knife and large hatchet, and as he came down the hill at a long, swinging pace, seemed a dangerous foe to meet.

Upon his face rested an exultant smile, as if rejoicing in his work in the misery of a human being, and he advanced toward the Scout with a look it was hard to read.

But the bullet sent in search of life had missed its aim, and only momentarily stunned the Scout, who suddenly sprang to his feet, and with drawn knife rushed upon his would-be slayer.

Unexpected as was the movement, the stranger sprang back quickly, and drawing his knife, met the blade of his assailant in mid-air, and with a loud clash, the weapons rung together.

Then each man stood at bay, their eyes glaring into each other's, their breath hard drawn, and their muscles nerved to iron firmness.

Both were tall and of powerful build, and whatever their sins might be, they were as brave as the desert lion, and the struggle between them must be one of life and death, for neither would yield one inch to the other.

As for Red-Hand, he had not sought the combat; a man who should have been his friend had ruthlessly attempted to shoot him down, and if, in return, he could avenge himself upon him, he intended to do so, though why the other sought his life he knew not.

For an instant thus stood the two men, their knives held firmly together, and then the glit-



Then each man stood at bay, their eyes glaring into each other's.

ter of Red-Hand's eyes proved that he meditated action.

But ere he could make the slightest motion there came a loud cry of alarm, and the next moment a graceful form bounded in between the two men.

It was the maiden who a short while before had parted with the Scout.

As she bounded in between the two men her uplifted hands seized a wrist of each, and her voice fairly rung as she cried out:

"Hold! This must not be!"

"Back, Pearl, back! I will have his life, for you know my vow!" cried the stranger.

"No, father; lower your knife, for not half an hour ago this man saved my life—see!"

And the maiden addressed as Pearl pointed to the dead bodies of her Indian enemies.

"Hal you were in danger, Pearl, and he saved you?" and the man spoke in earnest tones and turned his gaze again upon Red-Hand, who had stepped back at the approach of the maiden, yet still held his knife ready for defense.

"Yes, father; this brave Scout rescued me when yonder Sioux would have taken my life."

"True, I aided the maiden after she had already sent two of the red devils to their happy hunting-grounds; but if you have aught against me, comrade, let not that act of mine stand in the way, for twice have you attempted my life now," and Red-Hand spoke in a reckless, determined tone, peculiar to him when much moved.

Again the stranger turned his gaze upon the Scout, and something he saw there seemed to trouble him deeply, for he passed his hand across his face, muttering as if communing with the past.

"Yes, it is his face—no, it cannot be—hal the red hand!—it is he," and the man staggered back a step or two, while the maiden sprang to his side, crying:

"Father, are you ill?"

"No, child; I felt faint for a moment, when I thought how near I came to slaying one who had saved your life. Partner, do you journey often into these hills?"

"This is my second coming into the Black Hills. I deemed this country far beyond the line where white men dwell, and yet I find you a dweller here."

"Comrade, I have sickened of life among my fellow-men, and came here to shun mankind; but enough! take the warning of one who does not warn in vain, and this very night turn your back upon these hills, for only dangers can surround you here; go, go at once!"

"Comrade, I love dangers, and if you can live here I can also. I bid you a pleasant good night."

So saying, Red-Hand wheeled on his heel, touched his hat politely to the maiden, and strode away, to soon disappear around a bend in the gulch.

CHAPTER VII.

LONE DICK.

MORE and more mystified by everything he discovered in the Black Hills, Red-Hand walked rapidly away in the direction of his camp, and after nightfall arrived, to find another surprise awaiting him, for an old trapper had come in, and told his story of how he had been hunting on the streams, and had struck the trail of the party coming to the hills.

Feeling assured that there was something up beyond his comprehension, he determined to

strike the trail and follow it up, to see what could carry a party into the Black Hills.

The second night after starting upon the trail he camped in a piece of timber bordering the bank of a small stream, and was soon fast asleep, to be awakened an hour after by the arrival of a train of emigrants, who were also moving for the Black Hills.

From his retreat he observed that the train consisted of some thirty pack-mules, instead of wagons, and about twenty men, all splendidly armed, while there were as many women and children accompanying them.

Not wishing to make himself known, for he believed from all he saw that the expedition was a secret one, the old trapper lay quiet all night, and at early dawn the party arose and continued on their journey directly toward the Black Hills, and following the trail of the party that had gone before.

"Did you see the party again after that night, Lone Dick?" asked Red-Hand of the old hunter, whom he had met in the settlements now and then, and knew as a brave man who always trapped alone, and never meddled with the affairs of other people.

"No, I started round them and struck your trail ag'in, and then come on, and here I is," replied Lone Dick, who was a real frontiersman in appearance and dress.

"And why did you follow us, Lone Dick?"

"I'll tell you. Yer see, Red-Hand, I has heard how there was yellow metal up in these diggin's, and when I see'd yer trail I knowed as how somethin' was up, and I determined to nose it out, kase I've been workin' at traps nigh onto twenty year, and I ain't got no for'tin' yet, and I felt as how if yer was a good set of fellers you wouldn't mind havin' another true rifle and arm with your'n, for this is an all-fired dirty Injin country, you know."

"Yes, and I have no objection to the aid of your good arm, Lone Dick, and will tell you frankly we did come here to prospect for gold, and kept it dark because the government would send troops after us. But, Lone Dick, I do not understand about the train you speak of, and think it strange that settlers should come into these hills, bringing their wives and children with them."

"It's all-fired strange, Scout; but we kin soon nose out what they're doin' here, and whar they're goin' to squat."

"True, and you and I will start on a scout in the morning, and follow up their trail, while the boys are busy putting up a log fort, for the Sioux are not going to let us have peaceful possession here, and will soon discover that five of their warriors were scalped to-day," said Red-Hand.

"What? Blazes! did yer riz the ha'r of five to-day?" asked Lone Dick, and the remainder of the party gazed upon Red-Hand in surprise, while he quietly replied:

"I had a little skirmish to-day; not of my own seekin', however, and tossing the bundle of Sioux scalps to Lone Dick, he rolled himself in his blanket and soon appeared to be fast asleep, leaving his comrades surprised at his unwillingness to make known the particulars of his adventure with the Indians, and feeling confident that, as blood had already been shed, it was their duty to make every preparation against surprise and attack."

CHAPTER VIII.

AN OLD FRIEND AND NEW FACES.

AT the first glimmer of dawn in the east Red-Hand was on his feet, and calling to Lone Dick, the two soon set out upon their way to strike the trail of the emigrants.

Going in a southerly direction, and riding rapidly, for both were well mounted, shortly after noon the Scout discovered fresh tracks that proved the train had lately passed along. Following up, they were not long in finding out that a considerable number of recent tracks showed that the newly-arrived party were already dogged by Indians, who were determined to resent this invasion into their territory.

As the sun went down beyond the western hills, there came to the ears of the two men the sound of firing, and dashing on at full speed, they soon came upon a spirited scene.

In the mouth of a small canyon were gathered several persons, huddled together, and with their rifles endeavoring to keep back some two-score Sioux braves, who were pressing them hard.

Several Indians lay dead here and there, and, infuriated by the loss of their comrades, the band of warriors were preparing to rush in force upon the small party in the canyon and end the combat by a hand to hand conflict.

At this moment Red-Hand and Lone Dick came in sight, and a glance showed them that the small party were whites, and with yells infernal they dashed upon the Indians, flinging their repeating rifles as they rode.

With never-failing aim, the rifle of Red-Hand sent many a warrior and horse to the ground, and its rapid, rattling fire, added to that of Lone Dick, caused the red-skins to believe a large reinforcement had arrived to aid the pale-faces, and they broke for cover, while from the canyon dashed three men, firing as they came, and greatly adding to the fright of the Indians, who hastily retreated into a gorge in the hills, leaving their dead upon the field.

"Hip, hip hooray! Red-Hand, as I live! Old fellow, I owe you one," and one of the beseged party dashed up to the Scout, and warmly grasped his hand.

That the man who so warmly welcomed Red-Hand was a frontiersman was evident by his attire and general appearance, for he was clad in buck-skin, moccasins, and all, and wore a slouch hat ornamented with a gold sun looping up the rim in front, and adding to the bold and determined expression upon his fine face.

His form was graceful, wiry, and denoted great strength, while his movements were quick, nervous, and his dark eyes were restless.

His features were French—in fact, he was a Frenchman, coming, it was said, from Michigan, where his father lived—a noble, exiled from his native land.

Thoroughly armed and equipped, and mounted upon a large, sinewy horse, Tom Sun—for such was his name—was a dangerous foe.

In his frank, pleasant way he greeted Red-Hand and Lone Dick, and then turning to his comrades said:

"Here, Red-Hand, are friends I am guiding up into the hills to hunt a home."

"Captain Ramsey, this is Red-Hand, the Scout—what his other name is, God and himself only know; but that is no matter, for a man out here does not run so much by the handle of his name as he does by his actions, and I'll vouch for it there is no man on the border who is the superior of my friend, here."

"I am glad to meet you, sir, and your name is not unknown to me. This is my son, sir,"

* Tom Sun is one of the finest scouts on the plains to-day; a splendid specimen of manhood, generous to a fault, and brave as a lion; he is admired by all who know him.—BUFFALO BILL.

and this my daughter," and the man addressed as Captain Ramsey turned to a young man who rode by his side, and a fair young girl, who had reined her horse slightly back.

Red-Hand glanced first into the face of Captain Ramsey, and beheld a man of fifty years of age, with a noble face and stalwart form; but though he appeared like a borderman, his manner indicated that his earlier life had been passed amid far different scenes.

His son, Burton Ramsey, was about twenty years of age, and possessed a good-looking face and handsome form, clad like his father, in a suit of gray home-spun.

Ruth Ramsey, the daughter, seemed like a ray of sunshine in that group of stern men, and upon her lovely face and fairy form the Scout allowed his eyes to linger a moment in earnest admiration, ere he turned to Tom Sun, and said:

"Tom, what brings you into this wild land?"

"My horse, of course; but, joking aside, comrade, the captain, here, was in the army some years ago, and resigning his commission, settled down upon the border of the Southwest on a rancho; but he concluded he would do better up in these hills, and so his whole neighborhood up stakes, and here they are, I being the guide of the expedition."

"There is no more beautiful country to settle in, if Government and the Indians will only let you alone," remarked Red-Hand.

"Yes, and no richer country in minerals, I am convinced, Scout, and I believe we can get a hold here and soon get Government to support us."

"I doubt the support of Government, captain, and it is a dangerous country into which to bring women and children."

"True, Scout; but we will have to teach the Indians to let us alone, or pacify them with presents."

"That Quaker idea of dealing with red-skins is losing ground, captain, and if the Indians know they can get all the presents by one grand fight, and a number of scalps to boot, why, it is their nature to do so."

"You paint a bad picture, Scout; but, can I ask, how is it I find you here in these hills, and with only one comrade?"

"A single man can go, sir, where a dozen dare not attempt it. I am here with a band of brave fellows who came for the same purpose that doubtless brought you—to search for gold."

"By Heaven, you are right, Scout! I have reason to know that there are large quantities of gold here," replied Captain Ramsey, with enthusiasm.

"There is certainly gold here, sir, and silver, too, for that matter; but all gold-seekers in the Black Hills come here at the risk of their lives until Government sends troops to protect the miners, and that it cannot do until the country is purchased from the Indians, who have a claim upon it for a number of years to come."

"You speak knowingly, Scout, and I feel that you are right; but here we are, and here we intend to remain as long as it is in our power to do so."

"Still it was wrong to bring women and children with you. A man has a right to play with his own life, but not those of his wife and children, and already you have had a sample of how the red-skins intend to receive you," and Red-Hand spoke warmly.

"True; and had it not been for your brave dash to our relief, ere now our end might have come; but let us on after the train, and we can give you some good cheer after we go into camp, and I beg of you not to paint a dark side to our expedition, for there may be a few faint hearts among us."

"I have said all I intend to, captain. Have you determined upon where you intend to camp?"

"No, for we are in the dark regarding locations."

"Then I would advise that you bend more to the north-east, and you will find a fertile valley and good streams, and be also within a third of a day's journey from our camp, and you know there is safety in numbers."

"I have advised building a stronghold at once, and then, should the Indians prove troublesome, we have at least protection," said Tom Sun.

"You are right, Tom! you can reach the spot I speak of early to-morrow, and circumstances warrant that you lose no delay in building your fort. How many men have you with you?"

"We have about thirty, Red-Hand, and about as many non-combatants, and we are well armed and equipped, I assure you."

"In our band there are a score of miners, and no women or children. If it comes to the worst, why, our united bands should make a good fight. But come, we had better be on, for I see Lone Dick has scalped the Indians."

"Yes, he'd rather scalp a Sioux than say his prayers," laughed Tom Sun, and the party rode rapidly after the train, several miles ahead, and which Captain Ramsey had imprudently allowed to proceed, while he stopped to examine some traces of gold, accompanied only by his guide, son and daughter; but the ex-officer was most enthusiastic over the Black Hills, had a bad case of "gold fever," and was willing to risk life and all in the search for the precious yellow gold, which numbered so many ardent worshippers.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TWO STRONGHOLDS.

SOMEWHAT alarmed, in spite of himself, by the words of Red-Hand, Captain Ramsey be-

gan to feel that he had allowed his enthusiasm to go perhaps too far in leading an expedition into the Black Hills, when the lives of the whole party might be the forfeit for their foolhardiness.

But having at length entered the Promised Land, it was not in the nature of the old soldier to turn back, and he contented himself with a determination to go forth as he came, with a determination to the attacks of the red-skins, and his energetic example, as soon as the train reached the designated spot for encampment, soon set all the men at work at the log fort.

Having conducted the train to its advantageous site, both for gold-hunting and defense from the Indians, Red-Hand left for his own camp, accompanied by Lone Dick and Tom Sun, the latter going with his brother scout to learn the locality of the miners' camp.

As the three men rode along they conversed over the future prospects of the country which they had so boldly invaded, and did not doubt but that their example would be followed by others as soon as it became known that white men were living in the Black Hills, which had always before been considered the rightful land of the red-skin.

Without exciting suspicion as to his motives, Red-Hand questioned his companions closely regarding their ever having heard of the existence of any whites in the Black Hills, and learned that there were vague rumors upon the border among the plainmen that one of the Sioux tribe had a white chief—an old man who lived hermit-like away from his own race.

But more than this neither Tom Sun nor Lone Dick could tell, and many believed it was mere rumor, as no hunter or trapper had ever seen the individual spoken of, or even seen an Indian who had done so.

Convinced that it was not all idle rumor, after what he knew, Red-Hand said nothing to his companions, however, but determined to hunt out himself this hermit of the Black Hills, and discover the mystery that had caused him to bury himself and his beautiful daughter thus far away from his race, and live among a savage people.

Arriving at his own camp, Red-Hand found that his comrades had made rapid progress with their work, and that the walls of the stockade fort were already assuming shape.

The situation selected by the Scout was certainly a most advantageous position, being under the shelter of a huge hill of rock, inaccessible to the foot of man, and fronting on the banks of a mountain stream.

The stockade fence encircled a portion of rich, grassy land where the horses could luxuriate and where a garden-plot for vegetables was laid out.

The only approaches to the spot were across the stream, and around the base of the cliff by a narrow pathway that half a dozen men could defend against a hundred, and the miners were delighted at the natural defense of their stronghold, while Tom Sun returned to his own encampment determined to take pattern after the example of Red-Hand and prepare for trouble ahead.

Thus several weeks passed away and the two settlements in the Black Hills were prepared against every emergency, and at length the miners began to turn their attention toward gold-seeking, the real object that had caused them to risk life in journeying thus far beyond the confines of civilization.

As for Red-Hand and Tom Sun, they cared little for gold, and were thorough plainmen, spending their time in scouting and hunting for their respective camps, while Lone Dick had caught the fever of avariciousness and was preparing to dig his way to fortune, if he had to go clear through to China.

Separated only by a score of miles from each other, the different members of the gold-seekers' camps became most friendly, and many were the young miners who loved to ride over to the Ramsey stronghold and sun themselves in the bright glances of Ruth Ramsey's eyes, for of the half-dozen fair maidens in her party she was decidedly the belle. But Ruth seemed to care little for their admiration, for her prettiest glances were turned on Red-Hand, who, from their first meeting with him, when he rescued her from the band of Sioux braves, she had held a warm place for him in her heart, and felt that the Scout's dark, handsome face must ever be engraven on her memory, and the strange mystery that hung around his life interested her still more in him.

Thus the days and weeks glided by, and still, excepting a skirmish now and then, the Indians had not disturbed the two camps, and daily the miners worked away for gold, while Tom Sun and Red-Hand scouted and hunted through the hills and valleys, and in one of their scouting trips made a discovery which was not at all agreeable to the invaders of the new Eldorado.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 315.)

AN INVOCATION.

Come from the far-off spirit-world to-night,
And bathe once more my sad and weary soul
In all the softened splendor of thy light;
Oh! in my anguish, leave me not alone.

Let me but see the shadow of thy face;
Let me but hear the music of thy wings;
E'en that, I think, would from my soul efface
The subtle agony death always brings.

Come not transfigured by the light of love,
In garments of thy soul's pure bliss arrayed,
For my sad spirit cannot rise above
The grave, where all its fondest hopes are laid.

Come rather clothed in thy humanity,
With the same softened sadness on thy brow,
And winning sweetness of those eyes, to me
Naught but a tender recollection of thee.

So in thy twilight smile, half-light, half-shade,
The memories of the past will gain new life,
The outlines of my grief will softly fade,
And in that rest I shall forget the strife.

FERGUS FEARNAGHT;

Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "ROY, THE
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRACKING THE SECRET.

LORANIA YORKE descended from her chamber to the library to select a book and pass away the hours that yet remained before her husband would return from his place of business in New York. To her surprise she found Rufus Glendenning there.

He was standing before a small picture, in a plain walnut frame, which hung against the wall. This was the portrait that Lorian had painted, and she had caused it to be framed and placed there.

It represented a boy with flaxen hair, bright

blue eyes, a peachy complexion, and regular and handsome features. In fact, it was a charming painting of a boy's head, who might be some fifteen or sixteen years of age.

Underneath the head was written, in a bold, though feminine hand, a single word, a name—the name of Robert.

Rufus Glendenning's features were a puzzled expression as he studied this picture. He turned his head to look at her as the rustling of her dress announced her coming, and he saw a slight wrinkle of displeasure between her shapely eyebrows; but it was gone in a moment.

"You here?" she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Yorke," he answered, with a courteous inclination of his head.

"I did not expect you for an hour."

She went to the book-shelves to make selection of a volume. His eyes followed her with a wistful expression.

"Heavens, how beautiful she is!" he murmured to himself; "but cold—cold as ice! Is there no way to thaw this ice? Let me see." Then he answered her remark. "I am an hour earlier than my usual time. I had an appointment at three o'clock in Jersey City, and concluded to come home, instead of returning to New York."

This was a falsehood; but Rufus Glendenning had no qualms of conscience in that respect when it answered his purpose. He had returned thus early for this opportunity to hold a private interview with Lorian.

She had always regarded him with a kind of quiet disdain, and he knew it, and that knowledge had rankled in his mind with an exceeding bitterness.

"Oh! for some way to bow this beauteous woman's haughty pride," he had prayed fervently and deeply on many an occasion, and now it appeared to him as if this longing wish of his heart was to be gratified; and she could hope for little mercy at his hands if the event justified his anticipations.

Lorian kept her back to him, searching among the books, and replying indifferently: "Indeed?"

"I was just looking at this little picture of yours," he continued, insidiously.

"Were you?" returned Lorian, in the same indifferent manner.

"You are very skillful with your pencil and your brush."

"So I have been often told."

"You appear to be a born artist."

She gave her shoulders an indifferent shrug, replying:

"All artists are born, I believe, Mr. Glendenning; but I have cultivated the gift, which it pleased Heaven to bestow upon me. I owe my skill to long and patient practice."

"From love of the art, doubtless?"

"Partly, not altogether. I have often thought it might be a source of profit to me if I should ever be thrown on my own resources."

"What a strange idea!" he exclaimed, amazedly.

"Oh! it astonishes you, does it? Perhaps it is odd, to your view; but you know everybody has his or her own peculiar ideas."

"But I do not think that you will ever meet with any reverse of fortune that would compel you to exercise your talent as a means of support."

"Who can tell? The world's history is full of strange reverses. 'We know what we are, but we know not what we may be.' Gigantic fortunes are lost in a single day."

"But not when they are in the hands of such a man as Elliott Yorke?"

"Ah, yes, he is wisdom and prudence personified; but if I should lose the support of his protecting arm?"

"A rich young widow always finds plenty of suitors," he answered, smilingly.

Her fair head crested haughtily.

"But the suitors might not suit her," she rejoined.

"There is a secret in this woman's life or she would not talk thus," reflected Glendenning.

"Oh! if I can only find it out."

He returned again to the picture. In that lay his only hope.

"Is this a fancy sketch?" he inquired.

"What else should it be?" she replied, evasively.

"It looks like a portrait."

She turned around upon him with a sudden quickness.

"Ah! that shot told," was his exultant thought.

"What makes you think so?" she demanded.

"Because I have seen a boy in New York who is the very image of this picture," he answered, boldly.

She made a step toward him, and then checked herself; but she could not restrain the eager gleaming of her eyes. They told more than she was aware of.

"You have seen—in New York—a boy—like that?" she said, steadying the tones of her voice.

"I have," he answered, much satisfied with the effect he had produced, but framing his replies with great caution so as not to alarm her, and put her on her guard.

"Where?"

"In Chatham street."

"Ah!"

This was a sigh more than an exclamation. She turned again to the shelves and took a volume out, but he observed that she selected it hap-hazard. She turned to him again, holding the volume carelessly in her hand.

"Do you know this boy?" she continued.

He smiled, and replied:

"I can hardly claim the honor of his acquaintance. I have seen, and exchanged a few words with him. I was attracted toward him by his free-and-easy bearing, and the singular attitude in which he had placed himself."

"How singular?" she asked, displaying an eager interest in these details.

Glendenning described the peculiar manner in which Fergus had patronized the boot-blacks, and he thought that a faint smile flickered over Lorian's pale features as she listened to him.

"What is this boy's name, do you know?"

"Yes; Fergus." He paused here designedly, and he saw her eyes gleam again.

He thought she would be disappointed in the name, but she was not; at all events, he could not discover any sign of disappointment in her face.

"Fergus?" she repeated.

"Yes."

"What other name?" she inquired; and he saw that she awaited his reply with anxiety.

"Fearnaght."

This answer surprised her.

"Fearnaght—Fergus Fearnaght?" she questioned.

"Yes."

"Strange!" she murmured.

"How strange?" he asked, insidiously.

"The name—does it not strike you so? It seems very singular to me," she answered, composedly.

"She is on her guard," reflected Glendenning. "But I am on the track of the secret, and I'll have it yet."

"Do you know where this boy lives?" continued Lorian.

"Yes."

"Where?" she demanded, eagerly.

"In Baxter street, with a poor widow-woman and her daughter."

"Do you know their name?"

"I don't think Pickles mentioned the name," replied Glendenning, incautiously; "if he did, I have forgotten it; but he knows."

"Who is Pickles?" she questioned, quickly.

"A lawyer friend of mine, who has an office in Center street, New York."

"How came he to know anything about this boy?"

"I asked him to make some inquiries."

"Why should you interest yourself in this boy?" she questioned, in a suspicious manner, and with some show of displeasure.

He bit his lip vexedly, finding that she had led him into telling her more than he intended. A bold frankness was his best plan, he thought, and acting on this thought, he answered:

"I was led to do so by a strange resemblance that I saw in the boy's face."

"To whom?" she rejoined, icily.

"To yourself."

She shrugged her shoulders coldly.

"Ah! you think you saw such a resemblance?" she said.

"I saw it then—I see it now."

"Where?"

"In this picture here."

"Indeed!"

"It is enough like the boy to have been his portrait—and you are enough like the boy to have been his mother!"

Her limbs stiffened rigidly, and her pale face was as white as if it had been carved in alabaster.

"His mother!" she murmured, and the words had a hollow sound.

He was surprised at the effect he had produced.

"Another chance shot, but it seems to have struck home," he told himself.

He resolved to follow up his advantage.

"His mother!" he repeated, pointedly.

"Oh! surely you cannot think that?" she responded, huskily.

He saw her clutch at the back of the chair near which she was standing, as if a sudden weakness had seized upon her frame.

"You look ill," he cried; "pray be seated."

"It is nothing," she faltered; but she slid into the chair, and rested her right arm upon the table. He could see the powerful effort she was making to recover her composure.

"Shall I bring you a glass of water?" he inquired, solicitously.

"No, nothing—leave me," she answered.

"This is a sudden lassitude—caused by the heat of the weather. It will soon pass away."

He stood a few paces from her, studying her pale face with an eager, wistful regard. Never had that face appeared to him more lovely than at that moment. But its beauty was that of some exquisite statue carved from cold marble.

"Mrs. Yorke," he said, and his manner was most respectfully humble, "do you want a friend?"

She turned a surprised glance upon him, and he could see that she was fast recovering her composure.

"A friend?" she repeated, vaguely.

"Yes; an earnest and sincere friend," he continued; "one who would study your interests as if they were his own; one who would devote his life to you, smooth every care and trouble from your path, and prevent this secret, which you have so carefully guarded, from ever being known?"

"What secret?" she demanded, with a resumption of that haughtiness which had so often galled him.

"The boy."

"Ah!"

"He is living in poverty, and poverty is next door to crime. Would you have him grow up to be one of the desperate characters in the city?"

She winced at this, as he thought she would, and her white lips were sternly compressed, but she did not make him any reply. Encouraged by her silence he proceeded.

"I can save him from such a fate. I can place him in a position where he can earn an honest living, and become, in time, an honorable member of society."

She did not receive this proposal in the manner he expected.

"Why should you do this?" she responded, coldly.

"To serve you," he answered, significantly.

"How would it serve me?"

The question perplexed him.

"You appeared to be interested in the boy."

"Perhaps I am, but I think you have mistaken the cause."

She was thoroughly herself again, calm, composed, and passionless.

He smiled deprecatingly.

"I do not think so," he rejoined. "Do not fear to trust me—you can safely do so."

Her pale lips curled with a slight expression of scorn.

"I have nothing to fear, Mr. Glendenning," she replied, with hauteur. "I will tell you something that will surprise you. I have myself seen this boy."

He was indeed surprised, and his looks showed it.

"You have seen him?" he cried.

"I have seen him."

"Late?"

"Within a week."

"Ah!" he ejaculated, perplexedly.

"I, too, was struck by his face, for it reminded me of—my brother."

"Your brother?"

"Who died when he was only ten years of age. There is his picture drawn from memory."

"Robert—and not Fergus?" he cried, glancing at the inscription.

"I beg, Mr. Glendenning, that you will not interest yourself in this strange youth on my behalf; if you choose to befriend him let it be on your own account. Excuse me now, I must dress for dinner."

She inclined her head haughtily, and sweeping by him with majestic grace, left the library.

Never was a man more completely nonplussed than Rufus Glendenning. He stared at the door through which she had disappeared for several minutes in blank astonishment.

"The deuce!" he muttered, shaking off this trace of amazement. "Have I been on the wrong scent all the time? Can I be mistaken?" He deliberated over this. "No, no," he continued, confidentially; "I am positive that I am right. The game is to be a more difficult one than I imagined. She has taken the alarm and will confess nothing—if she can help it. But can she do so? That remains to be seen. I'll force it from her! I'll bend her haughty spirit, let it cost me what it will!"

CHAPTER XX.

PICKLES EXERTS HIMSELF.

The evening of the same day that lawyer

Pickles received the visit from Rufus Glendenning, he called at the house in Baxter street.

"There's money in this case," was the conclusion he had arrived at.

"That boy belongs to a good family—he's got it in his face—good blood will tell—and I must keep him in hand. There'll be a nice bill of costs at the end of it."

He found Fleda and her mother in a state of excitement. Fergus had not come home to his supper, and they were anxious about him.

"Pooh! that's nothing," said Pickles. "He's gone to the Chatham Theater, perhaps, or the Bowery."

"But he would have come home to his supper first," insisted Fleda; "he always does; he never staid away before."

"There's a first time for everything, my dear," replied the little lawyer, jocosely. "He'll come back, like a bad penny."

Fleda resented this remark at once, in her sharp way.

"He isn't a bad penny; I'd have you to know that, sir!" she cried. "Fergus is not a bad penny, by any manner of means!"

The little lawyer rather enjoyed this ebullition of temper.

"Dear me! what a delicious little firebrand you are, to be sure—to be sure," he returned with an oily chuckle. "Of course he isn't a bad penny—he's as bright as a new cent, fresh from the mint. I merely spoke in a metaphorical sense, my dear."

"I've seen a paregoric, and taken it," rejoined Fleda, somewhat bewildered by the lawyer's phraseology; "but I don't know nothing about metaphoric."

This answer increased the lawyer's mirth.

"Aha, good—very good!" he exclaimed.

"Paregoric and metaphoric—not much analogy there—oh, no! Fergus the Fearnaght is a bully boy, as I have told him, and I am in hopes to do something for him one of these days."

"He don't want you to do anything for him!" replied Fleda, pertly.

Pickles shook his head in a mysterious manner.

"Perhaps he don't, and perhaps he does," he rejoined; "that remains to be seen. I think I can show him a way to better his fortunes."

"By making a lawyer of him?"

"He might be something worse than a lawyer. It is an honorable profession and has been graced by many great men—men of genius, in fact," answered Pickles, pompously.

"I myself, may be one of the least among the great, and yet I exert a certain influence on the world, and society in general."

"Do you?" returned Fleda, dubiously.

"I do, my dear—most decidedly I do. But that's neither here nor there. 'Time is money' and I have other fish to fry."

"Do you fry fish?"

"Metaphorically, my dear; aha! a little beyond your comprehension, eh? 'We must speak by the card or equivocation will undo us.' I will call again in the morning, Mrs. Nandrus," he continued, addressing himself to the widow; "will you be kind enough to request Fergus to remain until I come! It will be to his interest to do so, I can assure you."

The widow promised to do so, and the lawyer took his departure.

"What do you suppose he wants with Fergus, mother?" questioned Fleda, when Pickles was gone.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Nandrus; "but I think he has found out something about Fergus' folks."

"Do you think so?" cried Fleda, surprisedly.

"Yes; I have always thought that Fergus had some folks, and that they were well off."

"Then why didn't they take care of him?"

"That it what I cannot explain, but perhaps this lawyer can. Who knows but what Fergus' friends, or relatives, are searching for him, and this lawyer is helping them? He wouldn't waste his time for nothing; lawyers never do."

This theme being once started, was

"Down to the den of these young thieves. Ten chances to one we shall find them enjoying a regular blow-out, at your expense."

"I am afraid we will not find much of the money left," replied Clinton, as they proceeded on their way.

"Well, I must confess our hope of recovering the money begins to look shady—quite shady," rejoined Pickles. "But there's no help for that—if they've spent it you can't get it back, though we can send them up for it. I am more anxious, though, to find out what has become of our old Fergus."

"So am I; for I fear he has got into trouble. The thought worries me because it was on my account."

"Never worry; life is too short; take it lively. Care killed the cat! If Fergus is in a scrape we'll get him out of it—we'll get him out—sure pop!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 309.)

ONLY?

Only a withered violet?
Ah! there's more than the world knows there!

In the eventide she gave it
As I gazed on her face so fair,
When her glad blue eyes were gleaming
With a love that was all for me;
While one little star looked down from afar
As we kissed 'neath the hawthorn tree!

Only a crumpled letter?
I've had it for twenty years,
And each glowing word is hallowed
By Memory's sacred tears.
And I've lived in the life she gave me,
When first, in each burning line,
She laid at my feet, with a grace so sweet,
A love that was half-divine.

Only a golden ringlet?
To the world it is nothing more!
But my soul it clasps in its glory
To the light of the days of yore:
And I thrill to its silken softness
In the depth of my lonely night,
When I think of the grace of a fair young face
Where lingered its golden light!

Only a lifelong vision?
Only a dream of peace?
Well, well, 'twill be something better
When sorrow and pain shall cease:
So, I'll cherish these gifts she has left me,
And I'll render them up to her then;
My dream shall be dead, and my grief shall be dead,
When her blue eyes gaze on me again!

Vials of Wrath:
OR,
THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE BIRD AND SNAKE.

As if from some horrifying dream, Ethel suddenly awoke from her lethargic sleep, with a suddenness that was fairly a bound into life and consciousness and suffering.

For an hour after her husband had stolen softly away, leaving his kisses upon her cold, white face, and his prayers on her head, she had lain there, motionless as if carved from marble, with her breathing so faint and slow it scarcely heaved the silken coverlet that lay partly across her chest.

Once or twice Mrs. Argelyne had gone quietly in, with silent watch-care on her face and in her manner, and then as softly retired, leaving the girl to the mysteries of her dreamless sleep. Once Leslie had tip-toed through the hall, and listened outside the closed door for a sound that indicated life within, and then crept back again to the deserted dining-room, where the wedding-breakfast remained untouched, where the flowers were fading, where the chairs stood desolately vacant.

When Ethel awakened, it was so sudden, so abruptly, that one would have been startled had they seen her great dark eyes open, widely, staringly, without a single premonitory hint of yawn, or stretch, or sigh.

She was alone when she recovered from her deep, stupid sleep—alone with her agony, that, though blunted and dulled by the opiate she had taken, was nevertheless, in grim, indisputable fact. There was not that look of mortal terror in her eyes that there had been before she slept, but in its stead was a horrified surprise, a pitiful despair and desolation that was repeated by the expression of her face.

For several minutes she lay wide awake, her big dark eyes fixed on the wall opposite the foot of the bed, a stony calmness seeming to creep perceptibly over her, and to intrude her in its quiet, forcible hold.

Then she threw back the covers, in a mechanical sort of way, and got slowly out of the bed, as if her very joints had stiffened in horror.

She gathered up her hair in a large, loose knot, and pinned it at the top and back of her head; then she began dressing herself, her hands trembling so she let pins fall, one after another, and often missed buttoning her garments, only to try again with the strangely stolid patience that seemed part of her.

She did not hurry, or purposely delay; she went on with her toilet until everything was complete, and then, with a weary sigh, sunk down in her little blue-cushioned rocking-chair beside the fire, shivering with cold, though the day was balmy as June.

"It is so strange, so passing strange," she murmured to herself, as she rocked slowly and to her eyes fixed on the smouldering coals in the grate. "It seems as if I bring a blight wherever I go—poor me, who am always in the wrong place."

She glanced around, as if half expecting to see Frank Havelstock start from the dim shadows of the recesses.

"It will hurt poor Leslie so much if ever he learns it all—and Mrs. Argelyne—dear Mrs. Argelyne, who has been a mother to me. If I only could undo it all. If I only could. But I can't—I can't!"

She sprang up from the chair as if the very idea of her position hurt her. She paced the floor with quick, light footsteps, wringing her hands in helpless misery.

"I did not mean to do wrong—God knows I have been guiltless—I—the wife of two husbands! How strange it is!"

She paused in her nervous promenade as if to more fully take in the import of her own words. Then she laughed—a low, weird, hysterical laugh, frightfully devoid of mirth.

She twisted her ring on her cold finger—the diamond one Leslie had given her; then she slipped it off, suddenly, with a low, anguished cry.

"How dare I stay here and wear his ring under his aunt's roof?—I, the woman who have committed a crime for which they can put me in prison!"

She was growing strangely excited now. Her eyes glowed unnaturally, her breath came in short, rapid gasps, and she gazed on the gems in her hands.

"It is all such a mystery! It dazes me and bewilders me when I think Frank is still alive. What does it mean? Am I right in my horrid conjectures of the truth that he took this means to rid himself of me? And I his wife—no matter what he is to me. I am his wife in the sight of God and man."

She repeated the last words in a slow way, as if riveting them in her memory.

She was herself now. As fast as her quivering hands would permit her, she changed her dressing-gown for a plain black cashmere that hung in her wardrobe—one of the dresses she had worn when she thought herself a widow. She fastened a cashmere sacque around her, and pinned a veil of double thickness over her little straw hat; she hastily transferred her pocket-book to her pocket, and then, hanging Leslie's ring on a pin in her toilet cushion, with a reverence and affection that was touching.

"To save his name—of which he is so justly proud; and because—oh, God pity me! I am not his wife! And I love him so!"

Her low, passionate wail smote no ears but her own; and no one saw the look of utter desolation in her eyes as she turned them slowly, in a farewell glance, around the familiar room.

"It will kill me, I think, and yet I did not die before, when I thought my heart was breaking. If I can only get away from him—from Leslie, before I see the reproach in his face, and hear the anger in his voice, because I have deceived him—no! I have not deceived him; I am sure I have not! Somehow, I can't quite comprehend."

She drew her hand over her forehead in a thoughtful, puzzled way, then lowered her veil again, and started for the door.

She opened it cautiously, and peeped out in the dim hall, not yet lighted. She heard no voices, as she listened, half-frightened, half in a delirium of pain and emotion; then, she sped noiselessly down the steps, and into the lower hall.

She paused a second, seeing the trunks she had packed and Leslie strapped, standing in mute mockery of her situation. She saw no one in the little reception-room, or in the large shadowy parlors, but from the dining-room came the sound of subdued voices in earnest conversation.

Instinctively she strained her ears to catch the farewell sound of the voices she so loved, leaning, as she listened, heavily on the bronze Ceres at the foot of the stairs.

"I will go up in a moment again, aunt Helen, and if she is not awake, I—"

It was Leslie's voice she heard, as she clung with anguished grip to the cold arm of the statue—Leslie's dear voice for the last time!

She heard a movement in the dining-room, as if some one was coming, and in a panic of horror and fear she rushed noiselessly over the thick Persian carpet, and into the little vestibule, where she hastily unlocked the door, and found herself in the early dusk of the cool April night—alone, fleeing from—what? to—what?

Half-maddened as she was with all the peculiarities of her unenviable position crowding upon her, it was with scarce less than a superhuman effort that Ethel controlled herself sufficiently to walk along the avenue. She wanted to fly—anywhere—anywhere to get away from the friends she had so nearly involved in her pitiful romance.

She managed to walk several blocks, and then, panting and trembling, paused a second to hail the first passing coach.

She had been waiting only a second, feeling frightfully faint and dizzy, and wondering in a vague sort of way if the best thing that could happen her would not be to die, when a gentleman, walking slowly along, half-paused as he passed her with an inquiring, respectful way a gentleman would naturally manifest if he was not sure whether he had met an acquaintance or not.

Ethel merely glanced at him, not so much as observing his appearance or manner; then, in a second after, turned suddenly in a panic of affright at a voice close at her elbow.

"I beg pardon if I am mistaken. But is not this Mrs. Frank Havelstock?"

A low, courteous question, accompanied by a bow, and followed by a respectful silence.

Ethel's heart stood still for an instant. A sick fear crept swiftly over her at the inopportune recognition; then, natural surprise as to the identity of her questioner or follower.

Before she had time to collect her thoughts, the gentleman spoke again.

"I hope you will not regard me as an intruder. I am Carleton Vincy, your husband's friend and your own. You will permit me to inquire of your health?"

Carleton Vincy! Ethel's heart leaped again. What strange coincidence was this, that she should meet the only friend she had known in those other weary days?

"I am well, Mr. Vincy—so far as my body is concerned. But sick with a heart-ail you will be horrified to know. You were a friend of Mr. Havelstock's—as such I want to ask you several questions."

An odd greeting, but to Vincy, who knew all the preceding events, and who had watched Mrs. Argelyne's door all that afternoon for Ethel to pass through it, as he was sure she would, there was nothing curious in it.

"I am going to the Grand Central depot, Mr. Vincy. If you will ride with me I will be much obliged. I must see you at once."

Vincy hailed a passing coupe, smiling at the delightful way in which Fate was playing directly into his hand.

"You make me feel somewhat uncomfortable, Mrs. Havelstock. You act and look and speak as if something had happened."

He watched the convulsive working of her features with the same sensation of curious interest he had experienced months before when he had been the bearer of lying news.

"Something has happened."

She was shivering as with an ague fit; her dark eyes were glowing like smoldering fires, and her face was wan and pale. Yet, she was gloriously beautiful, with a sweet, truthful earnestness of manner that perfectly enchanted him.

He looked at her with an expression of wonder on his face, and pity for whatever it was in his eyes. Ethel saw both, and felt a faint thrill of satisfaction that there was one person in all the world she could talk to on the pitiful topic.

Almost instinctively, she leaned across the carriage, and he felt her hot, hurried breathing on his face, and saw the anguished terror in her eyes.

"He is not dead—I saw him face to face—this morning!"

She said it in a shrill whisper, and Vincy started in amazement.

"What! you can be talking of but one man in the world—you can't be meaning—"

He paused purposely, to make her finish her confession.

She nodded.

"Yes—Frank Havelstock! he is not dead—and you told me—you brought the news and showed me what I believed were the proofs."

She looked in his eyes, and for one instant he wondered if she suspected his complicity in the affair. Her next words reassured him.

"That is why I was glad to meet you, Mr. Vincy; I wanted to ask you if you know what it all means."

Vincy sat as if in a stupor of amazement. Finally he spoke.

"You have petrified me, Mrs. Havelstock. I cannot believe you—Frank alive!"

Ethel sunk back with a weary sigh.

"And it is so dreadful that I never want to see him again—never—"

Vincy gave a well-simulated expression of profound astonishment.

"Mrs. Havelstock!"

"It is true—I believe he deserted me, for what reasons only myself knows. I believe the whole story of his death was a well-contrived farce, that deceived you as well as I. I think I have learned to despise him as much as I loved him."

She spoke with the calmness of despair as she leaned her head against the window, Vincy's eyes fairly devouring her face.

The carriage was passing slowly along among the crowd of vehicles, and at length stopped for one second just abreast of an elegant barouche, driven by a coachman in livery, who held his prancing horses well.

Just one moment were the carriages abreast, and while Vincy never removed his fascinated gaze from Ethel's sweet face, she glanced carelessly at the two elegantly-dressed ladies who sat on the back seat.

They were both looking at her—one, an insipidly pretty girl, whose big gray eyes were full of half-jealous contempt; the other, a face of wonderful beauty, with the seal of suffering on the patient face, and a sad smile on the plump lips—as if there was suddenly established a mysterious, magnetic link between Ethel's wistful face and the lady's own.

Then, as the barouche moved slowly on, the elderly lady glanced at Vincy, casually; and Ethel saw a deathly pallor surge whitely over the perfect face, and a freezing pain come to the eyes—and Mrs. Ida Lexington and Mrs. Georgia Lexington went on from Ethel's sight.

As the coupe drove on, Ethel gave a little sigh.

"What a sweet face—what a tender, loving face!"

Vincy glanced out, but did not see Georgia; then took his watch hastily out.

"Mrs. Havelstock, you have completely unnerved me. I cannot comprehend all you have told me, so suddenly, and I cannot listen to more if you desire to catch this train. Can you postpone your trip and give me time to think? May I offer you the hospitality of my house for to-night? My wife and sister will make you welcome. I am sure; while as a friend of your husband, I think I am the most suitable counselor you can have."

He never blushed when he met her honest, truthful, soul-sad eyes. He spoke as pleasantly, as frankly as Leslie Verne himself could have spoken, and there was no reason why Ethel should have doubted him.

His wife and sister! Ethel felt a pang of almost jealousy of them, happy and content in their quiet home.

"I will go, Mr. Vincy. Until to-morrow I will not materially interfere with any of Mrs. Vincy's plans."

"I am sure you will not; and this evening we will talk over your misfortune, and take my wife into our confidence."

"I was going to the hotel near my old home, in the vicinity of Tanglewood, but to-morrow will do just as well. Or, I may alter my plans to-morrow."

In the gathering darkness she did not see the sinister smile on Vincy's sensual face, but she rode on, feeling a strong calmness pervading her.

The coupe stopped at a plain-looking house, one of a row. A hall-lamp illuminated the entrance, and Ethel thought it looked very cozy and pleasant as she alighted, assisted by Vincy, who opened the door, with his key.

Then, when a tidy colored girl appeared, he turned to Ethel, cordially. "Come, Julia will show you in the drawing-room, while I hunt Mrs. V. up, and send her to you."

Ethel, absorbed with her awful grief, felt a quiet thankfulness that there was rest for her so near at hand.

So she entered the plain, pleasant little parlor, and sat down, wearily, while Vincy went out to hunt Mrs. V. up.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE FACE IN THE COUPÉ.

As the Lexington barouche started slowly on again, Ida turned to Georgia, who sat with whitened face against the chocolate cushions, her whole nature going out in a painful sense of wondering compassion for the fair, fond girl she had seen riding in the coupe with Carleton Vincy.

Who was she—with her lustrous, wistful eyes, her dainty, high-bred face, on which was plainly visible the seal of a terribly hard war for one so young?

Something like a sigh of pity was on her lips; she was asking herself if Carleton Vincy was this young girl's lover; and then, every faculty of her fine woman's perception arose in rebellious answer.

Never! She knew it by the one glimpse she had of Ethel's face, so freighted with trouble and anguish, as well as by her own not yet extinguished faith in womankind, by which she reasoned that it was an impossibility for Carleton Vincy to woo and win any girl for his bride.

Then—what was this dusky-eyed, golden-haired girl doing in his company? What possible claims had he—the bold, vile, unprincipled man—on this girl?

Georgia sickened with apprehensive dread as the carriages separated further, so that when Ida turned toward her with a half-smiling curl of her lip, she saw on Georgia's face tokens of the inward distress she was experiencing.

"You couldn't be paler if you had seen a ghost. Are you chilly, cousin Georgia, or is it one of those attacks of palpitation you have so often?"

Ida seemed to say the words unexpectedly; evidently she had intended a far different remark.

"A little chilly, that is all; these spring nights grow cool so soon after sunset. Did you see that lovely girl in the carriage we just passed?"

She had no idea of receiving any information when she asked the question. Her chief object was to draw Ida's attention from her personal agitation.

To her surprise, Ida curled her lips sneeringly.

"I cannot see what every one finds in her to admire. She is an old sweetheart of Frank's—a Miss Ethel—something. I have forgotten."

Georgia repeated the name softly.

"What a sweet name—Ethel! Ethel! I wonder if her mother calls her Ethie, when she

kisses her, or smooths her beautiful golden tresses?"

Ida frowned in astonishment, then laughed. "Why, you are romantic over the first sight of a girl who has lived near Tanglewood all her life."

A sudden interest flashed over Georgia's face.

"She does? then I shall certainly cultivate her acquaintance. So sweet and pure and brave as her face is, her nature must correspond. I wish you could recall her name."

Ida gave a little toss of her head that set the jets sparkling vividly.

"You will find her forward and pert, I'll warrant; all the fellows were crazy over her for a while. Frank, as well as young Morris, and Mr. Verne."

"Of Meadowbrook? Mr. Leslie Verne, you mean that big, splendid young fellow, with the blonde hair and whiskers and the grave, thoughtful eyes? He is the very man I should select to please this dainty little admiration of mine. He—all proud protectiveness; she, all clinging, gentle truthfulness."

A puzzled look came to Ida's eyes; she hardly knew what had taken possession of Georgia.

"If you were a man, cousin Georgia, I should call it a clear case of love at sight, or a suddenly discovered affinity, as it is—"

She paused for want of an explanation that Georgia gave, tenderly.

"As it is, Ida, it only means I have been attracted by a fair young girl, and the strange sorrow and haunting desolation in her eyes touched a chord of sympathy in my heart, and makes me feel that I would like to lighten the burden I saw she was struggling under, as I would do for you—as I would do if my own daughter had lived to suffer."

Ida listened with involuntary respect and admiration; then, after a second, remarked flippantly:

"I shouldn't be surprised if something had happened to Ethel Maryl—there, that's her name—Maryl. Perhaps that was her cross old father opposite her—and he had been scolding her—you saw that fat, beastly-looking man, didn't you, with the red face?"

Georgia gave a little shiver of horror as she thought of how much worse her own view of the case was; then she returned, very quietly: "Maryl is not that the name of the young girl who was adopted by the Lawrences, and who left home when Mr. Lawrence died? I think I remember hearing Amber gossiping about it."

"Yes, that is so. She left very suddenly and quietly, and no one knew where she went or why she went. Such things don't look well, to say the least."

Ida frowned in virtuous indignation, and Georgia smiled faintly; ah, if either of them had known the truth!

"It might have been imprudent, or not, according to circumstances. But there is one thing—and that is: I would stake my life on Ethel Maryl's purity of deed and motive. Her whole soul looks out of those wonderful eyes of hers."

"You seem particularly interested, anyhow."

Ida said it, meaning to be very cutting; while Georgia quietly ignored the intention. "I certainly was affected by her—it may have been her beauty, or her sad, wistful countenance."

Ida made no reply beyond a curl of her red lips, and they relapsed into a silence that lasted until the footman sprung to let down the step for them to alight at home. As Ida passed the drawing room doors, she glanced in, but her husband was not there, as she evidently expected. She turned almost crossly to Georgia, who was slowly ascending the stairs.

"Frank is never here when I come in. It does seem as if he took occasion of my going out to run off somewhere."

"May he not be in the library with Mr. Lexington? he surely would not be out when it wants ten minutes to dinner time."

Georgia always spoke very patiently and kindly to Ida; it seemed as if she pitied her, why, she hardly knew, unless it was her secret dislike for her husband.

Ida made no reply, but went into her dressing room, with a sulky expression on her face; and Georgia entered her rooms, where she changed her carriage toilet for full dinner dress.

At just seven they all met in the dining room; courteous, pleasant, affable, as if they were model married people, as if there was no tornado about to burst upon them.

All but Ida; she, more sinned against than sinning, was decidedly cross; partly because of Georgia's warm admiration of the girl she had always jealously disliked, partly because her husband had been remiss in his attention, according to her code.

Dinner progressed nicely, and conversation flowed genially, despite Ida's clouded face back of the coffee urn; utterly regardless of her occasionally ominous silences, that she broke, almost suddenly, with words that made Havelstock shiver from head to foot.

"I saw a friend of yours to-day, Frank. As you never would guess, I will tell you; it was Ethel Maryl, that pretty girl you used to know, who went away so suddenly. You remember her, don't you?"

For one awful instant, Havelstock's knees knocked violently together; his hand trembled perceptibly, despite the iron effort he made to control his rebellious muscles. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth in sheer terror and surprise, and it was only by a superhuman effort he contrived to answer her.

"Miss Maryl? you saw her? oh, yes, I remember her, although I am not sure I should know her, it has been so long since I saw her. A pretty girl, certainly."

His self-assurance returned with the sound of his own voice. He glanced around the table, and saw that Georgia was absorbed with her stuffed egg-plant, and Lexington thoughtfully sipping his coffee. The butler did not act as if any thing remarkable had happened; the ceiling did not fall, or the flooring open and swallow him up. And Havelstock's easy assurance returned again, for all he was inwardly quivering like an aspen—until he caught a look direct from Ida's eyes; and then, a second horrible tremor swayed over him, that made him look actually ghoulidish, in his gray, haunted face.

Only for a second, and then the crisis was past—and he was himself again.

"I will take another cup of coffee, Ida—full strength, please. I wonder if I have caught cold; I feel strangely shivering."

Ida turned the little ebony faucet, with a quiet, sarcastic smile on her face.

"He thinks he can fool me," she thought, with a fierce clenching of her hand over her fork handle. "He thinks I have forgotten all about her—but I haven't; nor has he—else why the agitation he tried to hide? He has a secret from me—and Ethel Maryl is in it, and I'll know it!"

And so she began tampering with her share of the doom.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

"KNOW THY OPPORTUNITY."

The grim monster, Death, was stealthily approaching. I could almost feel his hot, fiery breath upon my forehead. My faithless goddess, Hygeia, had utterly deserted me. Only now and then would Morpheus befriend me, but on this auspicious day, he had deigned to moisten my eyelids with heavenly ambrosia, and I slept. As I slept, behold, I had a dream! I thought that I was roaming upon foreign shores, and my physician had sent me to recover my health. I was in a great metropolis—one of the grand marts of the world. In one of my strolls I chanced to meet a man who had in his hand a handsome-bound volume, entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," and who said that he was an agent for the sale of the book. The title was such a novel one that I was impelled by the work a casual notice. As I hastily glanced over its pages, I observed that it contained treatises not commonly found in medical works. But I had too many times been hoaxed by appearances, and determined that I would have nothing to do with it. A voice within me, like a faithful mentor, whispered, "Know thy opportunity; in that book is thy salvation!" I began reasoning with myself. Although doubtful and distrustful, yet I put forth my hand to take the book, and, lo! the agent was gone! I was miserable. In my agony I awoke. Great drops of perspiration were upon my brow. By my bedside was a friend, who had called during my slumber to see me. Said my friend, "I have brought with me a book, which I placed at the work, and I was assured that it was 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser,' by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Surely, this was the valuable book which I had seen in my dreams. My friend loaned me the work, and every day, as my strength permitted, I perused its pages. Although it contained very interesting treatises on Biology, Cerebral Physiology, Human Temperaments, Nursing of the Sick, etc., yet, being an invalid, I was most interested in the subjects of Diseases and Remedies. I believed that I had a liver affection, and yet more than one medical attendant had pronounced my disease Consumption, and that I would fall with the autumn leaves. In that book I found my symptoms perfectly portrayed. I was then confident that I had not deceived myself. I reasoned thus: 'Any man who can so truthfully depict my feelings, and apparently understand my constitutional tendencies, must know just what my physical system demands. I will trust my case with Dr. Pierce. I will take his Golden Medical Discovery as recommended for my disease.' The result is, that after having perseveringly followed his prescribed treatment, I once again enjoy the blessings of health. Therefore, I would say to the afflicted, 'Know thy opportunity,' and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Q. R. S.

LITTLE FOLKS' Speeches and Dialogues.

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Sunshine Papers.

The Carnival Season.

"There's winter on the hills to-day.
The sad wind sighs o'er churchyard knolls,
And weary nature seems to say:
"The Lenten-tide for sinful souls."

So Lent was ushered in among our northern hills and along our bleak Atlantic coast; and, indeed, all the week that followed Epiphany, ending with Ash Wednesday, was flaked with snow, incased in ice, and bantered with somber clouds. But in another part of our land the weather was far different; and the week preceding Lent was all that the gayest devotee to high carnival could wish.

And, during that week, high carnival was held in several of our Western and Southern cities; for the carnival season seems to be gaining in public favor, and many towns are adopting its customs, and intensifying, if possible, its pomps and magnificence. But in New Orleans, where these revelries are as much of an institution as in Venice or Rome, is the place to behold and understand the import of carnival—that to many, perhaps, is almost a meaningless word. But before I ask my readers to accompany me, in mind, to the Crescent City, to look upon its scenes of revelry, let us see whence these yearly festivals originated.

The medieval Latin word for carnival was *carnelevamen*, *corruptionem*; and is either derived from *caro* and *vale*, *farewell* to *flesh*, or from the Italian *carne* and *avellare*, to *swallow* *flesh*; be that as it may, the sumptuous feasts of this season but herald a time of strict fasts and entire abstinence from flesh-food. The carnival is incident to Roman Catholic countries; but owes its origin to pagan celebrations; and its sometimes scandalous orgies have been a source of grievous trouble to many pious Catholics. The carnival season commences the day after the Epiphany and ends with Ash Wednesday, and is a period exclusively of banqueting and merriment. The Greeks have a similar time of gayety, previous to their Lent, which they call *Apoteosis*; and the Yule feasts of the Saxons were somewhat of the same order, as were the Roman feasts of *Lupercalia*; indeed, from these latter it is not unlikely that the carnival is an outgrowth. If so, the origin of the carnival revelries may be traced back to seven centuries previous to the Christian era—to the death of Romulus, when the Romans ranked him among the twelve great gods, and instituted yearly festivals in honor of the she-wolf (*Cupa*) that suckled him. These Lupercalian festivals came, afterward, to be held in honor of the god Pan, who was the god of shepherds, and huntmen, and all inhabitants of the country. They commenced on the fifteenth of February, and were celebrated at *Lupercal*, a place at the foot of mount Aventine—one of the seven hills upon which Rome was built—sacred to this god. It was during the time of these feasts that Marc Antony offered the crown to Julius Caesar that is referred to in Shakespeare's great play.

And so the carnival week, with its drinking and feasting, its masquerading and dancing, its pageantry and music, its entertainments and processions, its revelry by day and night, its display of color and beauty and fashion, its excess of mirth and excitement and pleasure, has come to take the place of the old pagan festivals; though, even yet, some traces of the mythological age cling about the time, in that two ancient gods, *Comus* and *Momus*, the god of feasting and revelry and nocturnal entertainments, and the god of pleasntry, are the presiding geniuses of the carnival.

While we of the North have shivered indoors through gray, dismal, stormy weather, our beautiful Southern sisters—and the ladies of New Orleans are justly celebrated as being among the most beautiful and graceful in the world—have rejoiced in charming days, atmosphere softly cooled by gentle zephyrs, nights hung with canopies of azure, and fretted with star-gems, and air ever heavy with the fragrance of countless orange trees, displaying at once golden fruit and pale blossoms amid their glossy foliage, and the odors of magnolias, roses, and violets, blooming in hundreds of gardens. Pale, pure orange-blossoms, sweet, modest violets!

To know New Orleans in carnival time, you must imagine the grandest weather, and a loveley southern clime; you must remember that the entire city puts on its holiday attire, that homes and stores and streets are decked in gale brightness, that hotels and private residences are thronged with visitors, that *Comus* and *Momus* rule the hours, and that mirth and amusement are the orders of the day. This is the favored time for fairs, and expositions, and exhibitions. Theaters are open day and night, and the performances are the most attractive that can be arranged. The

days are devoted to visits, and dinners, and fetes, and the nights to music and feasts, and dancing. Think of the Academy of Music, St. Charles' Theater, Varieties Theater, Globe Theater, and the Opera House, open for noon matinees, evening performances, and midnight balls, every day—Sunday inclusive—with variety entertainments, French plays, "Two Orphans," Edwin Adams, grand reception to Paul Boynton, the Chanfraus, Von Bulow, and fancy masked balls among the lists of amusements! And then the pageants! I might use reams of paper and yet I never could produce upon the minds of those who have never witnessed them, any realization of the gorgeousness, the art, the elaboration, the beauty, the magnificence of the fairy-like spectacles presented in the wondrous processional display of the Knights of Momus upon the fourth day of the carnival; nor of the marvels of the Royal Pageant under the command of King Comus; nor of the brilliancy of the balls upon the last night of February and the carnival, Mardi Gras night!

Invitations, elegantly gotten up, and engraved with garlands of flowers, festoons of grapes, sheaves of golden wheat and rice, balls of snowy cotton, and the chariot of Momus, were issued by the Knights of Momus to their grand tableaux and ball at the Opera House. This was preceded by the march of the marvelous pageantry, led by Momus in a chariot drawn by four white horses abreast; and it seemed that a nation, instead of a city, were represented upon the thronged balconies and steps, and in the sea of human faces that lined the street and were upturned in white waves along the boulevard. And everywhere were music, and fashion, and beauty, and laughter, and floods of brilliant light. At the Opera House the masked processionists, each representing some flower, fruit, vegetable, or staple—the parts taken by gentlemen of the elite of the city—gave three beautiful tableaux, the last one including the entire ninety-two gentlemen of the procession. At midnight the dancing commenced, and the characters were privileged to choose from the audience, as partners for the first two dances, any ladies they wished; but after the second dance the maskers vanished, to reappear shortly in evening dress. The disguise of the maskers is so complete that wives fail to recognize husbands, and sisters brothers. Of course the fair dames and maidens are tortured with curiosity, but it is often months before it is satisfied. The dancing lasts until four or five o'clock in the morning.

Even more gorgeous, if possible, were the spectacles upon the last two days of the carnival; and the god of revelry seemed, indeed, to animate the entire brilliant populace that filled to excess the streets of the fair Crescent City. The pageants were fairly bewildering in their display of triumphal cars, emblazoned chariots, embossed trappings, lovely flowers, gorgeous robes, and enchanting devices. And, last of all, the grand Mardi Gras ball! with its blaze of light and color intensified in priceless jewels and reflected from hundreds of soft eyes; its perfumes, and confusion of joyous voices, and sumptuous toilets, and seductive music; its mad enjoyments and blissful, never-to-be-forgotten hours, over which King Comus cast his bewitching glamour; whirl, and music, and love-making—and then good-bye!

Mardi Gras is passed. The Lenten-tide has come. High Carnival is over for another year.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MORNING CALLS.

MRS. A. drops in to pour into your ear all the troubles and miseries she experiences in housekeeping—how things are wasted, and that, if any one has trouble in this world, she has. The butcher and baker raise the price and reduce the weight of their articles. She never has time to get a chance to see the new goods at the store until numerous dress patterns have been cut from them, and then they'd be "so common" no one would want to put such things on, and so she has to go looking like a dowdy and clothed in rags. Now, she wears a carnal hairshaw, and that doesn't seem very dowdy, but those who are pretty well off are generally the ones to grumble at hard times and complain of their poverty. How would they feel if they had real poverty to contend with? But Mrs. A. does truly think her lot in life is a hard one, and she is bound to let every one else know that she thinks so; that gives her something to talk about when she is making her morning calls. If you happen to remark on some other people's misfortunes she will invariably say: "Their lot may be hard but it isn't a circumstance to what mine is."

Mrs. B. is quite a gushing creature, and she mixes up her speeches with "dears," "darlings," and "sweetests," and rattles on to her heart's content, never pausing to take breath or to let you get a word in edgeways. She is extravagant in her praise. The new styles of hats are "heavenly." Booth's acting is "glorious." The concert was "just bewitching." Kellogg's singing is "angelic." The new clergyman's side-whiskers are "enchanting," and his hands are "exquisite." You can't most forgive her for running on at such a rate when she is so good-natured, and really believes she is entertaining you by her remarks, but of what real benefit they are you are at a loss to imagine. She kisses you at parting and says you "are just the dearest, blindest soul in creation!" but as she has said the same thing to every one else she has visited, you take it for what it is worth.

Mrs. C. calls because she considers it to be her bounden duty to do so, and to let you know how the heathens are suffering in foreign lands, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to attend to your household when the cry of the pagan comes from across the sea and ought to sink into your heart, and those bitter, scalding tears ought to turn your thoughts from vanities, and luxuries, and open your pocket-book and let her have some money. Then she weeps, and her grief is about as genuine and heartfelt as the tears that Mark Twain shed over the tomb of Adam. Why, oh, why, when these societies want our money, do they send such weeping willows to get it from us? Why do they inflict us with such doleful personages who wear such lugubrious countenances and use such groans in their conversations? It may be because they think we will give them money if only to get rid of them. That may be their policy.

Mrs. D. comes in, all of a flutter, with anger darting from her eyes as though something had gone wrong with her and she wanted to tell some one what the trouble is. Her anger is vented on editors this time, and she scolds the whole fraternity and will not allow that they have any merit under the sun. In her eyes they are a most partial, mean and senseless set, and their papers a mass of nonsense printing poor articles and declaiming those of genuine merit. We soon enough learn the cause of her discontent. She has had an article "respectfully declined" by one of the same editors. Had the manuscript been ac-

cepted I suppose the editor would have been little less than an angel, because we are apt to think that those who favor us are perfection and those who do the reverse are exactly the reverse.

Mrs. E. runs in to tell us that "it wasn't a false alarm about her babe; the youngster actually had cut a tooth;" and "of all the teeth in the world that was the cunningest," and Mrs. E. is so happy that she can scarcely contain herself, and she seems to think an extra edition of the newspapers should be issued and Congress order an extra special holiday to commemorate the event; and she wonders that you do not appear to take the same interest in the event that she does. I don't know but she may think you are heartless because you don't go into the seventh heaven of ecstatic delight over that wonderful tooth.

So they come, day after day, and we are compelled to listen to this chatter with as good a grace as possible because we don't want to appear rude, yet, all the while, we think our time might be more profitably employed. When they have left us, and we endeavor to remember what they have said, we cannot make out what it has amounted to, and we think how much more pleasure we should have derived from the perusal of a good book or paper.

When morning calls are so conducted as to be cordial, neighborly and pleasing, I shall speak a good word for them, but there must be an "entire change in the programme" first.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Premiums.

WHEN I was the editor of the celebrated *Sentimental Weekly*, *Aurora Umbrellas*—I mean *Boreals*—a paper that had, in its list of contributors, more long names parted in the middle and doubled up at both ends with a flourish than any other paper living, dead or dying—I found that it would be a very agreeable thing to offer premiums to subscribers. This was the first paper that ever did such a thing, and I am proud to say that no other paper ever since has offered such liberal inducements to subscribers.

The consequence was that the paper arose to such an enormous circulation that the supply exceeded the demand—I mean to say the demand exceeded the supply, and I had to offer premiums to people not to subscribe; I got so rich that at one time I began seriously to think about paying my debts.

Here is my premium list, renowned for its rareness, fairness and squareness.
One elegant chromo, entitled "The Dead Cat." This picture retails in any store for fifteen dollars. It is such a beautiful picture of still-life that on first thought you want to catch it by the tail and throw it over into your neighbor's yard. No picture of the same size ever had half the value on it as we have put upon this. It is just the thing to put over a stovepipe hole in the summer when you take your stove down. The only fault critics can find with it is that it was taken a little too long after the cat had died. It is true to life—or death rather. Subscribe.

One volume of Patent Office Reports, which will afford entertaining reading for the long winter evenings and stir the hearts of the whole family to admire the greatness of our country. The plot is exceedingly intricate and the figures all well drawn, and the end of it is thrilling in the extreme. Elegantly bound—to please.

One picture of the editor. This was taken while he wasn't looking, and of course is not strained. He is scratching his head, but it only means that he is hunting for ideas. His nose is turned up on the scent of the beautiful and the ink spilled over the bosom of his shirt indicates that he is an inking and has an inkling of something good for his columns. This portrait is fit to be sent to correspondents who desire to exchange photos, or can be tacked up over the door to keep ghosts away, or laid on the cupboard shelves to eradicate little red ants.

One elegant set of China fashion-plates; gilt edged.

One napkin-ring, warranted by the editor to be silver-plated. It has got to be so that no one tells the real truth about these things any more.

Six hundred deeds to a fine corner lot in Brooklyn—the deeds are bogus but the lot is good.

Ivory-handled, three-ply pocket-handkerchief, with legs of cast-iron and warranted to stand a pressure of forty pounds to the inch without fracturing.

Photograph album which will hold fifty pictures two weeks without getting tired before it begins to get its back up and wink its lids; or its leaves get over ripe and begin to fall. They are highly embossed, but that is the only way they ever bossed.

One elegant sugar-coated box of pills.

An imitation of the little hatchet with which Washington cut the cherry-tree and didn't lie and scratch his back on the gravel after he had told his father about it. The editor begs to retain a few of them for his own use.

An elegant knot-hole which was in a board on the fence behind which the Americans fought at Concord. The board was destroyed by fire but the knot-hole was put out while burning by a bucket of water and fortunately saved. A relic in our family.

Fine American marble tombstone with the name of subscriber engraved thereon, with probable date of death caused by over reading. As fine a chance as was ever offered to procure one of these mementoes.

One nasal Douche.

Box of Porous Plasters, warranted to draw the stitches out of your side, or out of any coat which you want to make over.

One chromo representing the north-east section of midnight seen through the bottom of a black bottle.

Elegant silver-mounted load of stove-wood; sent by mail to all parts of the United States, postage prepaid.

One fine genuine pearl, well set; one glass of purl upset.

Sett of Britannia service; and Britannia is bound to serve us some day.

One elegantly-stringed harp—lot of elegantly-stringed beans.

Box of real, bona-fide imitation gold pens, warranted to write righteously right in all languages.

Checker-board with checkers, with which you can checker your life if not already checkered. If your wife is extravagant you can checker simultaneously with them.

Fine chromo of a Brick which can be worn in your hat and answer the purpose of the old-fashioned kind. All sizes.

Bottle of water from the Fall of Babylon. In fact we propose to give our subscribers anything that is valuable, even if it has to be the best licking they ever had or the measles. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Proprietor.

Topics of the Time.

—A man residing near Santa Fe, New Mexico, is said to own 90,000 head of cattle, which roam over 16,000 sections of land. He can fill an order for 20,000 or even 40,000 heaves upon ten days' notice by telegraph from the East, and to guard his immense herd he employs one hundred boys, and as many trained horsemen. In Texas, we learn that a few individuals are rapidly monopolizing the business of cattle growing and droving. One firm in southwest Texas has over 200,000 acres of land under its control, over which its vast herds feed, and they fill orders at any moment for a thousand head of bullocks.

—A Detroit lawyer gave the following advice to a young man who had entered his office as a student: "Be polite to old people, because they vote each." Be kind to the boys, because they are growing up to a cash basis. Work in with reporters and get puffs. Go to church for the sake of example. Don't fool any time away on poetry, and don't even look at a girl until you can plead a case. If you can follow these instructions you will succeed. If you cannot, go and learn to be a doctor and kill your best friends." Very good advice, as far as it goes. It should have added: Make it your business to make trouble. Never settle a case so long as there is money to keep it in court. Don't have any abstract reverence for truth. Make whatever you take half of my first, yourself, next the opposing counsel, next the court officials, next the press, and the client always a last consideration. This it is that makes the successful "practitioner" in the modern sense.

—The glory won by the Prince of Wales in the elephant hunt has been dimmed. He has killed a tiger. From the thrilling account of the affair sent by "Bull Run" Russell to the *London Times*, it appears that the Prince boldly took his stand at the upper window of a two-story house, surrounded by a high wall, and fearlessly awaited the tiger, which the "beaters" were sent out to drive up within shooting distance. The "beaters" performed their task admirably; the ferocious beast was driven within an easy range of about thirty yards, the gallant Prince rested his gun on the window sill and fired twice, the second shot rolling the tiger over. Then the Prince came down stairs, mounted an elephant and followed the tiger until he got two more shots at him, which finished him. Singular as it may seem, the Prince escaped without a scratch.

—We have several times answered correspondents regarding going to the Black Hills to dig for gold, and have always discouraged the attempt. This, from a Glenwood, Iowa, paper, is written by a man who "has been there," and who speaks: "I went to the hills in full confidence of success, backed by \$350 in my pockets, and after laboring six weeks, came back without a cent. I am thus candid because I desire to warn others from attempting a fruitless and damaging enterprise." It is only the wisest who profit by others' experience. The spring probably will see a grand rush for the Black Hills, both from Bismark, on the Northern Pacific Road, and Cheyenne, on the Central Pacific, to say nothing of those who go by companies from the Missouri river, at Sioux City.

—In 1770 John Adams considered the age so venal that he said he was ashamed to live in it. Mr. John Adams did live, however, till his time came, in spite of his disgust. There are many like him living to-day, but we venture to say that the world is not a whit worse now than it was a hundred years ago. The unknown quantity of wickedness is not fluctuating, but is as invariable as the polar star. There is nothing wasted nor increased in this world—sin among the rest. This is not fatalism; it is one of those inexorable deductions from statistics and economic facts that no moralizing can invalidate. The conclusion is that human nature to-day, considering its surroundings, is neither better nor worse than the human nature of three thousand years ago.

—A mass of 90,000 tons of pure, solid, compact rock salt, located on an island 185 feet high, which rises from a miserable sea marsh on the route from Brashear to New Iberia, up the River Teche, in Louisiana, is one of the wonders of the world. How this island, containing over 300 acres of excellent land, ever came into existence in such a locality is a matter of conjecture. Vegetation is prolific, and the scenery is beautiful and varied. Here is an immense bed of pure rock salt, whose extent is as yet only estimated, and scientific men are puzzled to know what produced it. If half is true of what the papers say about corruption in Louisiana, that mountain of salt will be required to preserve the State—which shows what it was put there for.

—It has been asked if a man can be his own grandfather, and if his own wife can be his grandmother. How it can be indicated in this apparently veritable experience: "I married," says a correspondent, "a widow who had a grown-up step-daughter. My father visited my step-daughter, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time after my wife had a son: he was my brother-in-law, and my uncle; for he was the brother of my step-daughter. My father's wife—my step-daughter, also had a son; he was, of course, my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and as the wife of a person's grandmother, he is his grandfather. I was my own grandfather." Therefore, don't marry a widow with a marriageable daughter if your own father is a widower.

—In the act of walking every muscle in the body is treated and uniformly brought into action by the swing of the legs and the arms, and consequently, of the trunk in a vertical direction. The undulations made by the head, chest and abdomen, in a vertical plane, are thus not only according to Hogarth's line of beauty, but also in that tending to perfect health. Every organ is gently stimulated to more robust action. Never, in a common walk, does a person breathe twice the same air, because he is constantly changing his position. This fact alone is of incalculable advantage. Some writers contend that the re-breathing of air once partially used is one of the most fertile causes of consumption. The most favorable time for walking is about mid-day in the winter, and in the morning and toward evening in the summer.

—Of Mrs. Belknap, the wife of the ex-Secretary of War, we are told that she has been the object of general admiration since first she came to Washington six years ago to visit her sister, the former wife of General Belknap. Her handsome face and figure and witty conversational powers at once made her a central figure in any assembly. She is tall, has a well-developed and rounded form and graceful carriage. Her features are regular, her complexion clear and fair, while her hair is black, and her eyes black and very bright. When first she came to Washington Mrs. Belknap was the widow of a Mr. Bowser, who had died some months before in Cincinnati. Her family name was Tomlinson, and she was a native of Harrodsburg, Ky. Her father, Dr. Tomlinson, was an eminent physician, and highly connected. He had a large family of sons and daughters. All of the latter were noted for their beauty, and were reigning beauties of their native State. The mother of Mrs. Henry Clews, of New York, was one of the sisters, and the second and present wife of General Belknap another.

—Austill, an Alabama negro, planned to poison the family of his employer in Eastern Shore. He put arsenic in a water tank from which they usually drank. Soon after he ate dinner with them, and all were at once taken ill. The poisoned water, contrary to his expectations, had been used in cooking. He confessed his crime and died, but the others recovered.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No MSS. accepted unless they are permitted to be in a package marked as "Book MS.," MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to edit and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Correspondents will find replies to queries in the paper issuing three weeks after reception of the inquiry. To reply sooner is impossible.

Declined: "The Gambler's Crime;" "Predestination of Nicholas Goodrich;" "The Orphan's Enemy;" "A Bouquet's Appeal;" "Old Rod Handy;" "Major Reddon's Story;" "The Shot in the Ear;" "The Buffalo Range on Fire."

Accepted: "May Song;" "Where Oberon Dwells;" "Epitaph;" "Patterson Park;" "Able to Pay;" "My Ship;" "A Dashing Belle;" "Speak to be Heard;" "The Two Conspirators;" "Miss Abby's Doctor."

To readers who ask if this and that author "has ceased to write for the JOURNAL," we may say: we retain all writers who maintain marked originality. When they cease to do this, and seem to us to be repeating themselves, we think it is time to retire them from the paper. We cannot afford, in the very richness of our literary store, to give place to mediocrity or threadbare merit.

G. W. C. The best "recipe for blushing" we can give is to dance with a pretty girl and tread on her dress in "balancing."

Momox. Work is not readily obtained in any Western State, at present. Iowa is a good State to go to.—Mr. Badger's signature is his real name.

J. H. C. We are quite oversupplied with the kind of matter you indicate. Only the very best stories, nowadays, stand any chance of use.

TEDDY E. Our Republic commenced in 1776, one hundred years ago, with thirteen States and 815,615 square miles of territory, which was occupied by about 3,000,000 of civilized human beings. It has now a population of 43,000,000, and occupies thirty-seven States and nine Territories, which embrace over 3,000,000 of square miles.

C. S. H. Ash Wednesday (beginning of Lent) will have come before this issue of the JOURNAL. Friday, March 17; Good Friday, Friday, April 14; Easter Sunday and Monday, April 16 and 17.

NO NAME. The Language of the Cane, the Language of the Handkerchief, the Language of the Fan, the Language of Flowers—are all given in Beadle's Dime "Lover's Casket"—sold by all newsdealers.

MISS EMMA R. It is so. Ostrich feathers, as now worn, are straight, instead of being curved. In the way hitherto considered most desirable. The new straight feathers look as any ostrich feather appears after being damp.

MYRTLE. If a gentleman friend accidentally breaks one of your mantle ornaments, don't refuse to let him replace it if he seems to be annoyed by his carelessness. Give him to understand, however, that you prefer he would not trouble about it.

SONI. You are fortunate in having one so free to advise and help. Be encouraging by your confidences. No one is ever made happy by constant self-denial, nor is it wise to refuse to practice it at the sacrifice of health, happiness and temper.

SWEET AND SOBER. You cannot learn the printer's trade in two years. Better serve three full years if you are pushed forward by a good job printer is pretty sure of a good "sit." Don't think of marriage yet, but enjoy the lady's society of course.

DANDY JIM. Keep away from every bar or place where gambling is permitted. If you value a prosperous future you'll let your own home provide your delights. If you have a sister near your own age make much of her, and both will be the wiser. She'll do anything for your pleasure if you'll only encourage her. Try the experiment.

MISS E. T. M., Norristown, asks: "If a gentleman calls without an invitation, and says 'I am sorry to call,' frequently, how can I stop his coming without giving offense? I am especially displeased with his attention, and I don't want him to come in so frequently, nor be so familiar. I don't want to offend him. I admire another gentleman very much, and I know he is not at all pleased that the other should come so much to see me. How ought I to act?" Arrange to see him, if you really like when the gentleman calls; or send down word, for several successive evenings, that you have an engagement and cannot see him; for if you really desire him to discontinue his attentions, you must show him so by a marked discouragement of them.

EMBERT R., Ontario, writes: "Does the present of a ring to a young lady imply an engagement, or nothing at the time is said to the contrary?" If you present a young lady to whom you have been paying attentions, with a ring and make no definite statement concerning it, she would be perfectly justified in considering it as implying an engagement. Yet it is much better to have it definitely understood that you give the ring merely as a present, or that you desire it considered as a betrothal ring. A young lady should not accept a ring from a gentleman to whom she is not engaged.

MISS NELLIE S., Atlanta, asks: "Is it customary, in the North, for young ladies always to have an elder person in the room when gentlemen call? Is not such a custom a direct implication on both parties?" Young ladies and gentlemen should never receive their own guests and entertain them alone; and any gentleman who is allowed to visit a lady is certainly entitled to enough respect to be trusted in her company unguardedly. Of course there is no too careful concerning the acquaintance's their daughters make, but it is certainly a reflection upon the characters of the young people if they are restricted from frank, unwatched association.

W. W. says: "My room is next to a young lady's room, and I can't help overhearing what goes on in her room. I want to avoid giving her offense by letting her know what I hear, but I don't want to offend her if I speak to her or any one else about it. What had I best do?" Write her a delicate, gently worded, stating that in case she holds any conversation in her room, it is impossible for you to avoid hearing it; and that you think she might like to know how awkwardly you are placed in regard to hearing anything she says, and that you can avoid doing or saying anything that she does not care for you to know.

CARRIE U. "If I have been very confidential with another girl, and she with me, ought she to take offense if I correspond with a gentleman whom she admires but who does not admire her? I am deceiving her, as she says I am, if I do not tell her everything I do? There is no harm in your corresponding with the gentleman, but there is harm in deceiving your friend. Of course there is no necessity for relating all that you do, but if you evade communicating facts to her that she may learn from others, she will be pretty sure to look upon your conduct as deceitful—half-way confidences are worse than none at all, as they invariably make trouble. Better be frank and ingenuous with your friend, and honestly and kindly tell the whole truth, and she will like you better for it, or, if she gets angry at you, you will not have yourself to blame.

WALTER O. J. It is true several varieties of plants can be cultivated in water. Ivy, begonias, and several vines can be grown nicely in glass vases, bottles, or bouquet holders. As the water evaporates, add a little. It is a pretty way of keeping something green in one's room; and a vine set on a little bracket under a picture, and trained about the frame, is a graceful ornament.

OSCAR writes: "I am sorely troubled, and have determined to abide by your decision in the most important matter of my life. I am twenty years old, and I love a lady who is thirty-five, and I know she loves me. My friends are decidedly opposed to my marrying her—solely because of the difference in our ages, and I am almost beside myself with my love for the lady and the trouble of my relations. What ought I to do?" Heed the desires of your friends. You are young yet, too young to marry, and you will eventually get over this affair, and it is far better so. For you to marry a woman fifteen years older than yourself would be to commit matrimonial suicide; you would be almost sure to repent it some time, for she would be an old woman while you were yet a young man.

SAMMY A. writes: "When a gentleman gives a lady his seat upon the cars, is it not due him that she thank him? Is it proper for a gentleman to take a lady's arm in public, instead of she taking his?" Thanks are certainly due to the gentleman, and no real lady will ever forget to proffer them. It is the gentleman's place to give his arm to the lady.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

ABLE TO PAY.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

"Put money in this purse."—SHAESPARE.
 "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—HOLY WRIT.

A man may be even as Solomon wise.
 As learned as the Chevalier Crichton himself;
 His lessons of wisdom the world will despise,
 Unless he is backed by possession of pelf.
 But heed they, as if every word were a gem,
 Each idiot phrase a rich booty may say;
 Though close as a miser, enough 'tis for them
 To know he is certainly able to pay.

The thief who steals little in prison is placed,
 And kept there for years to atone for the crime;
 His prospects are ruined, his name is disgraced,
 And no one will evermore trust him in time.
 But he whose vile robberies are large in amount
 May stand with his face in the light of the day,
 Is honored and served as a man of account,
 So much has he stolen, he's able to pay.

The gambler with poverty-stricken saloon
 Not long is allowed to indulge in the sport;
 Detectives will surely chase him soon,
 And haul him for trial at once to the court.
 And yet, for the sake of good suppers and wines,
 They'll perjure themselves for the man who in
 play

Robt thousands and thousands by crafty designs;
 By cheating so grandly, he's able to pay.

Who kills but one person with malice prepense
 Is placed on the criminal list at the head;
 His sentence is just, for this dreadful offence,
 To be hanged by the neck, on the scaffold, till dead.

But he who has hecatombs offered to death
 Is a hero the hearts of the millions to sway;
 In shouts to his glory the world pours its breath;
 By honor reflected, he's able to pay.

Your sweetheart and friend will be faithful for years
 While fortune or power shall illumine your life;
 But, if you're assailed by misfortunes or cares,
 They leave you alone to the terrible strife.

New friend and new lover they seek from that hour
 Where life's golden sunlight shines bright on the way.
 Made pleasant by fortune or strengthened by power,
 Such friendship and love are more able to pay.

But, 't is on while the life of this world shall abide
 The faithless will find that their pathway is hard;
 And, when comes the next, for their falsehood and pride,
 Forever they'll rarely have their reward.

While those who have looked for their guidance above,
 Though humble on earth and though suffering
 In the kingdom eternal—of truth and of love,
 Will find the Almighty is able to pay.

The Men of '76.

Dan Morgan, the Virginia Wagoner.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

Or the "heroes in the rough" evoked by the War of Independence, Dan Morgan, the Winchester wagoner and fisticuff champion, is unquestionably one of the most deserving in the record of those to whom we owe our liberties.

Born in New Jersey, in 1736, he grew up without schooling, and indeed with but little training of any kind. He "struck out for himself" when seventeen years of age, by going to the vicinity of Winchester, in Virginia—then a wild region, where he entered into the business of "wagoning" between Winchester and Alexandria, on the Potomac. A boy of decidedly aggressive disposition, he was almost daily embroiled in what was, in those days, the common diversion of wrestling matches. These not unfrequently ended in a fisticuff fight, wherein Dan Morgan almost invariably came off "first best," and he became a kind of road bully, ready at a hint to fight any one who appeared. The number of authentic incidents of these encounters makes Morgan's biography enlivening reading.

The expedition of Braddock (June and July, 1755) against the French post at Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh) found Morgan a volunteer, driving his own team in the baggage train. As the country was a wilderness, destitute of roads, progress of course was difficult. A British officer coming upon Morgan one day, ordered him to move on, but, as the train had paused, Morgan replied that he would move as soon as he was able and not until then. The officer, irritated at the situation, declared that if the wagoner did not start his team he would run him through with his sword. That was enough. Dan's tongue gave a fierce reply, and the officer made a pass with his sword, to run the mutinous man through. Dan parried the thrust with great skill, with his heavy wagon whip; then closing with the officer, he wrested the sword from him, and breaking the blade he gave the Englishman a taste of the whip in the backwoods style. For this heinous offense the young wagoner was at once tried by court martial and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes—which were administered to the number of four hundred and fifty, when Dan fainted with the horrible punishment. This of course incapacitated him from further service on that most important campaign, and he was doubtless spared death in the ambush wherein Braddock and the majority of his troops perished, a few days later.

Washington saw in the resolute wagoner the "true stuff," and so recommended him that he soon had an ensign in the colonial service. If a very dangerous task was to be performed Dan Morgan was chosen for it. He was once sent, with two companions, to carry dispatches to a fort on the frontier. When nearing it the savages fired on the party, killing the two men and shooting Morgan through the neck—the ball coming out through his jaw. Leaning forward on his horse he rode hard for the post, closely pursued by the howling red-skins, but reached the fort to fall insensible from his horse.

From this terrible wound he recovered in time, and the "Old French War" being ended he returned to his old vocation of wagoner, in Frederick county, Virginia, to become also once more a road bully and champion. So many were his encounters that the place where they usually took place was, until within a few years, called Battleton (now Berryville). This love for fist fighting was cured in a characteristic way, as Morgan himself related it.

A gentleman riding along the road, one day, on horseback, had his hat knocked off by a tree-limb and dismounted to pick it up. Dan Morgan coming along at the time, "itching for a fight," jumped from his wagon and battered the stranger, who, of course, refused the challenge. But Dan was bound to "see which was the best man," the genteelly-dressed horseman or the rough wagoner; whereupon the stranger accommodated the bully, and soon so knocked him out of time and good looks that Dan was, for the first time in his life, completely satisfied. It was his last battle with his fists.

At the first call for volunteers Dan responded. He was commissioned Captain of Provincials, and organized, out of his rough but brave companions, a company of riflemen, whose after history was so brilliant. They were, every man of them, trained forest-

men. Their costume was the hunting-shirt and leggings of the true hunter. Ninety-six in number, they walked all the way from Frederick county to Cambridge, in Massachusetts, in three weeks' time—a distance of nearly six hundred miles!

To this splendid body of troops, led by one who was known to Washington as a man without fear, was assigned a place in the daring but terrible expedition against Quebec, under Arnold. (See sketch of Arnold for particulars.) Morgan at the head of his riflemen formed the vanguard. It was they who forced their way through pathless forests, over rugged mountains, passing rushing rivers and frozen swamps, driven at times to eat their very dogs for food.

In the assault on Quebec the dauntless riflemen played a glorious part. Morgan was left in field command by Arnold's wound. On then he rushed to scale the ramparts. Up the ladder he sprang, to be followed by his equally daring men. But alas! they fought in vain. The brave Montgomery was dead—Arnold was wounded—the enemy was largely reinforced, and unsupported within the fortifications Morgan and all his men were compelled to surrender.

Such bravery was heroic. Though a "rebel" the English offered him a colonelcy if he would enter their service. But he scorned the offer, and when finally released, in the exchange of prisoners, at Washington's personal request, Congress commissioned him a colonel, and he was assigned to a rifle brigade formed for special service.

This brigade soon became noted. In the campaign of 1777 it was in active service in New Jersey, greatly to the enemy's loss, for its almost unerring rifles laid many a Briton low. When Burgoyne came down from the North, having Indians in his army to assist in the work of slaughter, Washington dispatched the corps to Gates' army, that "Morgan might fight the Indians in their own way." In the first conflict (that at Stillwater, Sept. 19th, 1777) Morgan's men confronted the Canadians and Indians and effectually drove them back on the main army. On the great battle day on the plains of Saratoga, Morgan's men were always in the van, and contributed greatly to that final defeat which gave the Americans all the British army and its fine equipment of guns, material and trains.

Out of this campaign Morgan came so debilitated from exposure and over-exertion that he was wholly incapacitated for service, and he retired to his Frederick county farm. There he remained until the disasters to the Southern army drew him once more to the field. His name and fame, and a brevet-brigadier'ship given by Congress, placed him at the head of a fine light brigade. With this he accompanied General Greene to Charlotte, North Carolina, where the discouraged and disorganized remnants of Gates' troops then were. To repress the triumphant Cornwallis was a heavy charge; but, sustained by a will that never quailed, and having at call such men as Morgan, Marion, Sumpter, Lee, Huger, Pickens, he proceeded to redeem the South from British rapacity.

Morgan was advanced to demonstrate against the British position at Ninety Six, when Cornwallis dispatched the invincible Tarleton, with his splendid brigade, to force Morgan back or drive him to action. Morgan retreated with much caution until he reached Cowpens, where he chose a position in which to fight. Covered by a wood he formed his little brigade in three lines. Tarleton came on, confident, and became more so when the first American line finally broke under the heavy British charge. But Morgan, heading the second line, made a counter charge; at the same moment the American cavalry troop of Colonel Washington came down with a wild rush, and with splendid gallantry rode right into the British ranks. The enemy broke; then ran, and, riding right and left, Washington's cavalry made the rout complete. Tarleton had a narrow escape from capture. His fine legion, so long the terror of South Carolina, was almost utterly destroyed or captured: ten officers and one hundred men killed, two hundred wounded, twenty-nine officers and five hundred private prisoners, two field-pieces, eight hundred muskets, thirty-five baggage-wagons, one hundred cavalry horses—these were the British losses. Morgan had but twelve killed and sixty wounded—all owing to his splendid maneuvering.

To redeem this humiliating defeat, Cornwallis in person resolved to strike Morgan. Then commenced a retreat of masterly skill—Greene to save Morgan's command and effect a junction of all his forces at Guilford C. H., and Cornwallis to overwhelm the patriots before they could evade him. (See article on Greene.) The retreat was a success, but Morgan was forced by his old disease (rheumatism) to leave the service again. He retired to his farm once more, to come forth however when Lafayette asked him to take command of the cavalry in the siege at Yorktown, where he witnessed the second great surrender of the war, and then returned to his farm near Winchester, one of the honored men of the new nation.

Washington greatly admired him; and, regarding him as an able as well as brave commander, wanted to assign Morgan to the command of the Indian Expedition of 1791, but was overruled, and the unfortunate General St. Clair made the expedition a most melancholy failure. He didn't understand "fighting the Indians in their own way" as Morgan did.

When the "Whisky Insurrection" broke out in Pennsylvania, in 1794, Washington sent Morgan to the "seat of discontent," with a strong body of troops. The rioters knew what that meant, and soon succumbed to authority.

Morgan was sent to Congress for two terms from the Frederick district, and served very creditably. He died at Winchester, July 6th, 1802, where his remains now lie buried, under a marble slab, whose inscription fittingly expresses his services and his truly admirable character. Though in early life a "rough customer," and all through the war a hard fighter and a hard sweeper, he was not, as were so many men of that age, an infidel and scoff-er; but, even in his apparent recklessness, was a believer in the efficacy of prayer. He related to his pastor, Dr. Hill, of the Winchester Presbyterian Church, two occasions when he prayed for God's protection and help—on the dreadful night of the assault on Quebec and before the battle of Cowpens.

An Ki, a Chinaman, has fallen aptly into American political customs. He is a court interpreter in Virginia City, Nevada, and when the demand for his services is so light that he fears the abolition of his office, he goes at night into the Chinese part of the town, incites fights among his countrymen, and thus creates cases in which his interpreting is necessary. Besides that, he makes the testimony suit the highest bidder.

A True Knight:
OR,
TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER VII.

TAKE CARE WHAT YOU DO!

It was a weird little figure that, as it stood in the darkening twilight between the sundered lovers!

He seemed a boy in years with his slender frame, his attenuated arms and shrunken limbs—the limbs of a child of six on the body of a half grown lad; he supported himself on two crutches; his clothes were torn and soiled; his head and feet were bare; a most forlorn and vagabond waif he was—but his face was the fairest that ever the sun shone on, and his long hair blew like ropes of gold in the salt-sea wind!

"Oh! the beautiful—beautiful boy!" gasped Maiblume.

George bent over the cripple, hiding him completely from her.

"What do you want here?" he asked, in a hurried undertone.

Maiblume heard no answer. Having recovered from her surprise at his sudden appearance, she advanced to see him closer; the glimpse she had had of his face piqued her curiosity and touched her sense of the romantic.

George met her half-way; in the gathering gloom he looked cold and unearthly.

"Leave him alone—don't go near him; don't speak to him," said he, in a strange voice.

"Why?" cried Maiblume, struck with amazement, and mechanically she tried again to see the object of her commiseration.

George seized her by the arm and almost roughly drew her to the other side of the projecting rock.

"Maiblume, dear, dear Maiblume," said he, in a voice of tragic entreaty, "let me ask you to leave this boy to me."

Astonished questions crowded to her lips, but seeing more clearly the awful pallor of the youth as he bent toward her, she sat confounded, looking silently at him.

"I dare not have you go too near him," continued George, confusedly; "there is danger to—do—It is best for you to remain here while I send him away."

Maiblume caught his hand as he was turning to leave her.

"What is this you say?" she cried, breathlessly. "Danger! I must not approach him? I see it all; he has some deadly infection about him, and you would expose yourself. Oh, George, don't go!"

The young man stood irresolute, gnawing his lip and pressing convulsively the little hand that had caught his.

A low, weary cry came from the other side of the rock, and he broke from her as if he had received an electric shock.

"Pardon me; I must go to him; but, for Heaven's sake, don't you stir!" he implored, and he darted away.

A moment afterward she heard him in tones she had never heard before, seeming to chide the poor waif bitterly for wandering about thus, homeless and friendless. The cripple answered, weeping, that he was homeless and friendless indeed, and would the gentleman for God's sake, take pity on him?

Then there was silence, and stepping from her covert to look with sickening alarm for George Laurie, she saw nothing but the rough plateau of foam-sprinkled stones, the long wave sweeping in with gurgling murmur, and the gray cliff towering high.

Horried at this inexplicable disappearance Maiblume leaned dizzily against the stone, and for some moments fought off a hysterical desire to scream for help and the chill faintness which was stealing over her.

She covered her face with her hands, and it seemed but a moment after when, looking up, she saw George standing before her alone.

"You are frightened," said he, very gently; "come, sit down here and recover yourself."

He led her to a flat stone; then he stood before her, looking down, oh, so earnestly and yet so sadly upon her.

"Maiblume," said he, almost in a whisper, "I have acted like a madman this evening."

He came to a full stop, choked with emotion.

"Who was that strange being?" asked Maiblume.

"Ask nothing," said George, beseechingly. "You know I would tell you everything if it was—if it was—Well, for you to know it."

She sat dumb and astonished before him, not knowing what to think.

"Forget the waif," said George, still more imploringly; "never mention him, never allude to him; drop him from your speech and memory as completely as if he had never been."

"You ask a strange thing," said Maiblume, faintly. "Oh, that you would tell me why!"

"I can't!" groaned George. "I dare not!"

A chill silence fell upon them both, and meanwhile the skies darkened and the waters gathered gloom.

"Why do you say you have acted like a madman this evening?" asked Maiblume, in a low voice fraught with pain.

"Because I have been foolish, impetuous and selfish," answered he, bitterly. "I forgot that any bar lay between you and me, and presumed to offer—Oh, chase this from your memory too, Miss Verne; forgive my presumption, and forget it!"

She sat like a stone, her white face gleaming through the dusk; it seemed an eternity till she recollected herself, and with a little shiver rose from her low seat.

"Let us be friends, George, as we have been," she said, in measured tones. "I grant both your requests, and will forget both the occurrences of to-night. Now take me back to papa! Yet wait—here is a handful of Coila's dulse in this pool—so—that is enough—now come."

And so they walked back again side by side, but the wild flowers dropped dew-tears upon them, and there was no sound of chattering birds, and earth and sky seemed dim and cold—for the night was coming on apace.

The author and his secretary were in the study next morning busily employed as usual—the author marching to and fro, dictating with the voice of a general on the field of battle, while his secretary's pen moved swiftly and noiselessly over the fair white sheet.

The study was a dim, quiet room at the back of the cottage, lit from the end by a tall bay window, which looked out into a somber myrtle thicket, brightened here and there by some snow-white flowering shrub or the silvery leaves of prickly holly, whose roots were banked with scarlet geraniums.

The middle window was thrown wide that the gold-baked bee might flutter in and out, and the scent of unseen beds of mignonette, musk and verberna, might waft in to inspire the author.

As he marched about, Mr. Verne kept glancing ever and anon, somewhat sharply, at his young assistant, whose haggard, ill-slept looks and sternly-compressed lips betrayed a mind but ill at ease. At last he paused by George's side, and, waiting until he had just finished the sentence, he slapped him on the back in his genial, hearty way, and, descending from his Pegasus, said, in his most prosaic tone:

"What in the world's the matter with you, boy? I've been watching you all the morning. Something's on your mind, I could take my oath on't."

George, coloring deeply, laid down his pen and met his employer's eyes with ingenuous frankness.

"Something is on my mind," said he; "I've something to say which I fear will not be agreeable to you, and I've been puzzling my head all day to know how to say it."

"Oh, I'm concerned in the business, am I?" said the kindly author, drawing in a chair and sitting down close beside his young companion. "Tut! don't be afraid! Speak out. Whatever it is, you're in the right of it, I know."

"But this," said George, laughing, "this really is a most awkward request which I have to make."

"Oh, ho! A request!" cried the author. "All right; go ahead; if you can stand it, I can." And throwing himself back in his chair he folded his arms and regarded George with a most indulgent air.

The author's study was almost as cool and sylvan as any lady's bower of olden story. A carpet like forest moss covered the floor, gigantic vases of flowering shrubs and trailing vines stood here and there, and the bust of an angelically pure "Eve," which surmounted the simple davenport, and wreathed a long mirror which, facing the middle window, displayed a picture very much after Rembrandt of the myrtle thicket with its stray gleams of silver leaves and lurid petals.

Was the cunning little smile which crept about the author's mouth, as he glanced round upon all these evidences of his Maiblume's constant care and loving service, caused by any reminiscence in which she and George figured?

"Mr. Verne," said George, "circumstances have arisen which make it absolutely necessary for me to board somewhere else than under your roof. I have to ask your permission to leave you every evening at eight o'clock. I shall be on duty as early as you please in the morning."

The author stared aghast.

An awkward request, indeed, for he was one of those erratic geniuses who, struck by a brilliant thought in the night, was constantly getting up to write it down in the most atrocious hand, and then in despair at the sight of the illegible hieroglyphics, was constantly obliged to summon George to create a readable copy of it in his dressing-gown.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated he, "something desperate must have occurred! May I ask for any reason? Ah! ha! Ah! ha! I think I see light!" cried he, as the crimson mounted to George's brow; and bending forward, he scrutinized the handsome young face opposite with keenest relish. "Somebody has not smiled of late, and the foolish boy wants to run away from her," said he, experimentally.

"No, no," said George, overwhelmed with confusion. "That is not it, indeed; and that is another subject in connection with which I have a confession to make to you which is quite as awkward as my request."

"Stop a bit," said Barthold Verne; "one thing at a time. You want to live somewhere else than under my roof, and no fair lady is the cause of your wishing to leave me. Now, George, what is the reason? Have you any cause of dissatisfaction? Stanley, I know, is somewhat supercilious to you, but he does not live here—"

"Mr. Stanley has nothing whatever to do with this matter," said George, hastily, "and—in fact, Mr. Verne, I can assign no cause. I am obliged—it is right for me to do it—that's all I can say."

"All right, boy; that's enough," said Verne, heartily; "I haven't seen you, morning, noon, and night, for two years without learning to place implicit faith in your honor and integrity."

"Thank you," said the youth, earnestly, while his fine eyes shone with gratitude. "Your generous praise almost resigns me to my lot. You permit me to go, do you?"

"Certainly; where do you think of going?" Again the young man flushed high, and gnawed his lips impatiently.

"That's another thing I have to beg of you not to ask me," said he, in deep vexation. "Oh, Mr. Verne, I dare scarcely hope that you will have patience with these petty mysteries, but they are thrust upon me, and I have no choice but to do as I am doing."

The author betrayed his amazement by a short whistle, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oh! ho! ho! Ah! ah! ah! This would make a good novel! 'The Mysterious Secretary,' how would that sound? But come, now, my dear fellow, cheer up; don't look so rueful, and, mind you," he added, holding out his hand with frank cordiality, "if you are in real trouble, you are not to keep it all to yourself; you're to tell me as much of it as will give me a chance to help you. Now, now, not a word!" exclaimed he, hastily, as George faltered forth his thanks. "Let's have the confession. I think I can make a rough guess what it's about."

George covered his face with his hands for a few minutes; then, removing them, turned his gallant, boyish face, pallid with deep emotion, toward his employer.

"I don't know how long I have loved her," said he, softly; "I never knew my own presumption until I saw another trying his every art to win her. I could have borne the discovery of my own passion," said George, faltering more and more, "I could have kept it to myself for ever if I had seen her wooed by one who could make her happy—but, to witness her gradual entanglement in the net of one who is both wily and cruel—oh, pardon me! I don't know what I say!"

"One who is both wily and cruel!" echoed Mr. Verne, perfectly aghast. "My dear George, you are dreaming! Who sees Maiblume but yourself and me? Good heavens! you don't mean—you don't mean—Stanley?"

"Forgive me, Mr. Verne—indeed I have forgotten myself!" said George. "Let me go on with my confession. Last evening as we walked together—Miss Maiblume and I—beside the sea, the thought of her helplessness came over me—her helplessness and the wrecking of all her peace and happiness, should her father, whom she loves so well, desire her to marry one whose first wife's life was one long sorrow—"

"This is all nonsense, boy!" interrupted Mr. Verne, warmly. "Mere jealous fancies. My friend has no more thought of Maiblume than—well, than I have of little Coila! So you spoke to Maiblume, did you?"

"I had kept such a long constraint upon my-

self," said George, "that when at last my feelings carried me away, though I was dying to offer her my life-long homage and protection, I could not utter a word—but my looks spoke—and I think—I fear—she understood me."

"And what did she do? How did she act? Did she repulse you?" asked Mr. Verne, breathlessly.

"I have not dared to take the meaning of her looks," said George, sadly. "She did not repulse me, and I think she understood. We were interrupted before I had spoken, and, by the time I saw her again, I had remembered my duty to you and the hopeless difference between our stations."

"Good boy! Brave boy!" said Mr. Verne, rising to put his hand affectionately on his secretary's shoulder. "Now listen to me; I'm going to talk to you from my very heart."

As George raised his eyes in gratitude to this most indulgent of employers, from whom he had expected a very different reception of all he had to say that morning, he beheld a figure slipping into the myrtle thicket, in the mirror—Mr. Paul Stanley. Mr. Verne's back was to the mirror, and his eyes were glued to his secretary's face; he went on in his breezy, hearty voice, every syllable rolling out through the open window and falling distinctly on the ear of the arrested poet.

"Men say I am a fool in money matters; well, perhaps I am; yet at fifty I could buy up many a keen speculator. I can no more speculate in my daughter's beauty than I can in stocks. Her heart is as sacred in my eyes as was the heart of her mother long ago when I entreated her to give it to me. God forbid, George, I should ever come between my child and the man she loves—if he is worthy of her. You are neither rich nor famous, but I do believe you are true as steel. So, boy, if you can get Maiblume's 'yes,' mine will not be wanting."

Little by little the youth had risen—the color coming and going in his eloquent young face—his heart filling to bursting with wild joy and amazement; and now, forgetful of the mirrored picture of the myrtle grove, and its dumb-struck listener, he seized both the author's hands, and wringing them convulsively, tried to speak, but burst into tears instead—whereupon the unworly man of fiction caught him to his breast, and patted and soothed him like any woman.

Upon this tableau came Mr. Stanley, stepping through the open window, with a face like a demon's.

"Verne," said he, in a hushed voice, "take care what you're about. I couldn't help hearing what you said to this young man, as I came down the walk, and as your friend—an older friend by far than he—I say, take care what you're about!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TEST OF A MAN'S HONOR.

At these boding words, the author and his secretary started apart, both struck speechless for the moment by the manner no less than by the words of the intruder.

"I don't speak without cause," said Stanley, folding his arms and drawing himself up to his full height. "I know too well—to tell the man whom you are taking to your unsuspicious heart as the lover of your precious daughter is a destroyer of family peace—a meddler between husband and wife—a black, traitorous hound, fit only to be chased from good men's houses, with disgust and indignation!"

"Hold—hold, Stanley!" cried the author, aghast. "These are terrible things to say of one whom I love as if he were my own son!"

"They are true!" returned Stanley. "Look at him, cringing there! Can he deny them? Speak, young man, be honest. Have I no cause to curse and condemn you?"

George, looking steadily at him, caught a glimpse over his shoulder at the myrtle thicket, and of another figure, sweet and stately, pacing between the flowers—Maiblume, with alarm in her eyes, hurrying toward the study window. The shock of this discovery froze the words upon his lips; he stood dumb—confounded.

A laugh of biting scorn broke from Stanley, while Verne, watching George anxiously, grew a shade paler and sunk into his chair.

"What say you, Verne?" cried Stanley. "Does this look like innocence or guilt? Is this George Laurie worthy of the confidence you have reposed in him?"

"George," said the author, imploringly, "have you nothing to say for yourself? What does Mr. Stanley mean?"

George, gazing still in the myrtle thicket, made a gesture of despair. Maiblume, having distinctly heard the words both of the poet and of her father, stood motionless with blank, blanched face, and hands pressed upon her heart.

"What! not one word! No ready lie at your command? No specious explanation, false and fawning as your own nature?" flouted Stanley, scornfully. "Look at your precious favorite, Verne: is he not a notable personification of Injured Innocence?"

"God forgive you, man, but you have a bitter tongue!" groaned Mr. Verne. "George—George, my boy, speak, if you love me—if you love her, my poor Maiblume! Explain what Mr. Stanley means, I pray you, explain!"

George Laurie, never removing his fascinated gaze from the awful countenance of the woman he adored, made shift to answer these imploring prayers.

"Mr. Stanley suspects me of interfering between his late wife and himself. I have already assured him to the contrary, but he will not take my word."

"Not against proofs of the accuracy of my worst suspicions!" said Stanley, darkly. "How came you to know a secret connected with my wife's past history which she never confessed to me? How came you to know that my wife had made a will, a circumstance which she never confided to me? Why did she call for you when upon her death-bed instead of me? Why did you refuse to explain your connection with her when after her interment I, thinking I had some right to the knowledge, demanded an explanation? Come, sir, answer all these questions now, before my old friend, ere you dare to hope that his confidence will be restored!"

"That seems simple justice," said Verne; "dear boy, be candid. I can't judge you hardly—I love you!"

Tears were in the warm-hearted fellow's eyes as he made this appeal; it was hard—hard to resist him!

"Oh, God,

father and daughter of their misplaced affection."

George raised his face; it was cold and white, but a brave smile was on his lips and his eyes flashed heartlessly. He looked at his friend—great-hearted Verne who loved like a child and he cast a last glance upon fair Maiblume, listening with white, parted lips and heaving bosom for his reply; and then he spoke distinctly, decisively.

"Honor forbids me to make the explanation required by Mr. Stanley. Mrs. Stanley reposed a confidence in me which she did not repose in her husband—because I stumbled upon the truth and she could not help herself. I cannot betray her confidence—I will never betray it as long as God gives me strength to act a manly part by the deed."

A cry of derision burst from Stanley; Verne turned away with a gasping ejaculation; but George was deaf to both, for Maiblume had thrown up her clasped hands toward Heaven, lifting a face of wildest anguish, and was now flitting away among the shadows with bowed head and unsteady feet.

"Nonsense! dear Verne; be a man!" remonstrated Stanley, leading him to a distant lounge; "what is this miserable fellow that he should have the power to trouble you? Put him back in his own place, or better still, dismiss him; I will engage to get you as competent a secretary and a more honorable one in a few days."

"Silence, Stanley! I can't hear you speak thus," exclaimed the author, sternly. "I never saw a man with God's truth written more plainly on his face. He may be rash and impulsive—brave hearts are often so; but my oath on it, he is incapable of treachery or vice."

"You are infatuated!" cried Stanley; "you are actually going to sacrifice your daughter to this person notwithstanding my warning!"

Verne writhed away from this job's comforter and marched about the room, sighing audibly in the most disconsolate manner. At length he stopped in front of George, and eyed him with a yearning intensity.

"Boy, you really think it your duty to keep a secret of the late Mrs. Stanley's from Mr. Stanley?" inquired he.

"God knows that honor is the only barrier in the way of a full explanation," returned George.

"And the other thing you mentioned this morning—the mystery we laughed about," said the author, with glistering eyes; "is that connected with the same affair?"

"Please, dear, generous friend, ask me nothing!" whispered George, passionately. "Through no act of mine I am forced to deny you my confidence on this and the other point. I can only beseech you to trust in my honor as you have always done hitherto."

"George," said the author, seizing his hand in a burst of confidence, "I could take you upon trust, I could believe in you whatever appearances said; but I dare not let Maiblume take you upon trust; you see?"

"I see too clearly, alas!" sighed George. "You must clear yourself of these imputations and be able to stand up unblemished before the world, ere I consent to your speaking to Maiblume," said Mr. Verne, very sadly; "she is my own child—my darling; don't think me cruel or unjust!"

"I can't think you that, Mr. Verne," replied George, profoundly affected; "some day, please Heaven, you will see that your great kindness has not been misplaced."

With a convulsive pressure of the author's hand, and a slight, cold bow to the sneering poet, George left the room.

While this interview was taking place in Mr. Verne's study, little Colla was tripping bare-footed among the periwinkles and sea-anemones, the foam-bubbles and the tangled heaps of seaweed on the beach. Her broad straw hat was tipped jauntily over her radiant eyes; her long thick black hair, swinging on the salt breeze, and her smart scarlet bathing-dress fringed and tasseled like any Turkish Sultan's, glowed in the noon sun.

Colla was making up her mind to adventure her "nice, warm, dry little body into the cold damp sea," and as this was usually a process of some duration, Maiblume had not as yet joined her, preferring to come in at the crisis, when, tremors and alarms over, made-moiselle was singing mermaid songs in the sea.

How she laughed as she pressed her little pearly toes upon the tiny shells, not half so pink and smooth, and crushed the little wonders, occupants and all, into ruin. How she danced round the frightened crabs that tried to scurry into the sheltering pools of the big black rocks! How she brimmed with gleeful mischief, when, running out after the edge of the retreating waves, she sent up a cloud of startled sand-birds before her! Such a merry Thalia never danced along that solitary beach, I trow. She might have been a "water baby" come out of the rocks to play at being a human child!

All at once, dancing round a jutting rock, she tripped right over the sea-glass of a man who was lying upon his face behind the rocks, with his elbows buried in the sand, his chin on his palm, and his one eye fixed, with the gravity of a Solon, on the blank horizon.

"Mon dieu, monsieur! Ten thousand pardons!" cried the young lady recovering herself with French address and executing a ravishing little bow and smile.

The gentleman jumped up with a muttered: "By George! It is a real woman or a fairy!"

To which mademoiselle responded with a silvery peal of laughter—moving toward the sea, however, as if to escape therein, should his evident admiration take any more tangible shape than looks.

The gentleman was possessed of a sallow, coffee-colored complexion, silky black mustache and whiskers, prominent glistening brown eyes which had a trick of rolling in their sockets, and peeping at one out of their corners with a sly laughing devil in them, always ready to mock at one, while from his curly lips issued only careless jests and laughter. He had also long brown sinewy hands, which when he spoke, he placed meekly palm to palm, as if supplicating the forbearance of all who heard him. His general appearance was that of a gentleman in very free and easy costume—a gentleman who meant to enjoy his holiday and no nonsense about it.

"Madame!" said he, entreatingly; "stand there; don't move a muscle, I beg. I must sketch you, I never saw anything half so much worth sketching, and I believe the world knows something of Nowell Wylie's pencil, too."

"Ah, an artist!" murmured Colla, taking a step nearer and falling into a yet more ravishing pose.

"Delicious!" cried Mr. Wylie, seizing his pot o'lio, dumping down on the first rock and playing his crayon with immense gusto.

"Yes, I am an artist—a caricaturist—don't move for the world. I'm not caricaturing

you; that would be sacrilege! In return for your goodness, I must show you the contents of my portfolio—they'll amuse you I know. Ah, now I've caught your outline! Jehoshaphat! It's nothing but beauty curves! May I trespass on your kindness a few moments longer? I should so much like to catch that inimitable expression. Do you know where a gentleman of the name of Verne lives; I have a letter of introduction to him, and I am such a confoundedly lazy fellow, that if I can find a thing out by asking, I always save my legs at the expense of my tongue."

"Monsieur Verne! Oh, my dear papa Verne!" exclaimed the little mademoiselle, looking archly at the queer artist. "Oh, certainly, Monsieur Artist, I shall myself conduct you to the retreat of Monsieur Verne."

"Thank you! thank you!" returned the gentleman, with admiring fervor, as he hastened to select a card from his very handsome gold-mounted card case. "You are, then, his daughter?"

"His adopted daughter," murmured Colla, looking down with an air of great sadness. "I am a homeless little French woman, a stranger in this great land of yours, but monsieur papa and mademoiselle ma soeur Verne, have taken me into their hearts, and I love—ah! I am devoted to them."

The artist stared at her; his big brown eyes filled with unfeigned admiration. "Jerusalem! She's an out-and-outer!" muttered he—"a perfect witch!" and he continued to stare point blank, apparently lost to all sense of propriety.

"Monsieur speaks!" said Colla, her little head on one side, and her coral lips apart in innocent expectation.

"Ahem! Yes!" said the artist, recovering himself. "Here is my card; and now, if you'll give me your name, I guess we'll commence our acquaintance on the square, and all the Grundies on the planet will find nothing to say."

He stepped down the wet sand, holding out the bit of card-board, and she, with fawn-like timidity, allowed him to come just near enough to hand it to her at arm's length; then, with a pirouette that scarcely left a mark upon the yellow floor, she skimmed off to the lace-fringed skirt of the tide, and stood with her little pink feet imbedded in foam, demurely scanning his name.

"Charmed to make the acquaintance of Monsieur Nowell Wylie!" cried she, executing a reverence, which, considering her lack of sweeping robes, was a marvel of stately grace. "My name is Colla De Vouse. And now, if you will excuse me, I shall return very soon and show you the way to my papa's cottage." With this and a parting wave of her pretty hand, she flashed away like a little fire spirit, and was lost to the artist's view round the jutting rock; whereupon he re-seated himself; stuck his long hands between his knees, and elevating his quizzical eyebrows to the roots of his hair, fastened his great absurd brown eyes upon the heaving main, with a look which suggested anything but romantic reverie.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 313.)

WELL-A-DAY.

BY ARNOLD ISLER.

Once I was so young and happy,
Free and gay;
Dressed so well, so neat and flashy,
Got good pay;
Passed away my hours of leisure,
On life's glassy sea of pleasure,
Until I fell in beyond my measure,
Well-a-day!

Once I met a pretty fairy,
Maggie May;
Graceful walker, stepping airy,
Looking gay;
But the charming little kitten,
Gave one eye to me the mitten,
Strange how cruelly hearts are smitten,
Well-a-day!

But I met another fairy
On life's way,
Dark-eyed, rosy-faced little Mary,
Blithe and gay;
And I learned to love her dearly,
For she cherished me sincerely,
We got married—ruined nearly—
Well-a-day!

Six small fairies, with mouths like cherries,
Full of play;
But this raising little fairies
Doesn't pay!
Sure man's life is full of trouble,
Every year his sorrows downy bubble,
Till he dies out like a bubble,
Well-a-day!

JACK RABBIT, The Prairie Sport:

OR,

THE WOLF CHILDREN OF THE LLANO ESTACADO.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

As the rock crumbled beneath his feet and he felt himself falling down—down through what seemed an immeasurable depth, a single wild, piercing shriek of horror was wrung from Pablo Raymon's lips. Only one—then he felt a severe shock and a sensation of extreme cold, as though he had been plunged into liquid ice, and his senses fled.

Whether this period of insensibility was long or short, he never knew. The first sensation he had of returning life was a sharp sensation of pain as his body was swept against a sharp, hard substance, and with the instinct of a drowning man he flung up his arms and clutched at the point of rock. Yet it was some minutes before he fully realized his situation.

He glared wildly around, but his eyes could discover nothing—all was darkness, the most intense. He raised his voice and shouted aloud, but only the dull, hollow echoes replied. Even to his ears his voice was scarcely audible above the seething sound of water.

He knew that he had fallen from above, fallen down how far he did not know, to be plunged into a body of water cold as ice and with a rapid current. A subterranean river? Possibly. He sunk down until only his head was above water, but his feet could not touch bottom. The current tugged strongly at his body, adding its strength to the weight of the water-soaked clothes until the young hunter's arms began to ache and tingle, until his fingers were cut and bruised by the sharp edges of the flinty rock. He sought to raise himself entirely out of the water, but in vain.

The exception of the one projecting bit of rock, the wall beside him was smooth and perpendicular. A cat could not have scaled it. And all these struggles but served to hasten the moment when he must give way, must succumb to the never-ceasing grasp of the pitiless water—when he must release his hold upon the friendly bit of rock and go whither the rushing waters willed.

The thought was horrible enough, and the impenetrable darkness only added to its horrors. Death would be easier to face with open eyes—so he thought.

With the energy of despair Pablo maintained his grasp. The blood oozed from beneath his finger-nails. His arms felt numb and lifeless, and the grotesque fear grew stronger upon him—dread lest they should drop from their sockets and abandon his body to the mercy of the waters.

Then the moment came. Slowly, one by one, his fingers relaxed—the water tugged more fiercely upon his body; then, with a wild, gurgling shriek of despair, he sunk beneath the surface.

Only for a moment. Then he arose and battled madly with the murmuring, sullen water. His struggles kept him afloat, nothing more. He felt himself whirled madly on—on through the blackness, dashed now and again against the cruel rock walls, until at length a more severe blow almost stunned him, and though he still floated upon the surface, 'twas more the strength of the current than any skill or effort upon his part. The roaring sound grew louder and more intense—the waters seemed to run more swiftly; and then Pablo felt himself being dashed down—down, with the icy cold waters crushing out his scanty remnant of breath—a sense of horrible suffocation—then all was blank.

Febly his eyes opened. With difficulty he lifted his head. Every movement caused him intense pain. His limbs were bruised and sore, stiff as those of an aged man suffering from rheumatism.

Yet he lived—that thought was all the young man's dull brain could compass just then. Feebly wondering how it had all come to pass, he dragged his benumbed limbs out of the ice-cold water and curled himself up on the rock shelf.

All around him was darkness. All! not he rubbed his eyes and stared blankly ahead of him. Was it fancy—a mere delusion—or did he really distinguish a faint gleam like that of a pale star witnessed from the bottom of a deep well? He closed his eyes for a moment, then reopened them. The little star was there—still shining for him. He crouched there longing, yet fearing to advance and solve the doubt—afraid lest the movement should frighten away the star.

Then, with a low, grating cry, he stumbled forward, afraid to remove his eyes from the starlike point, splashing through the water which was here not more than ankle deep. The star was just before him—he could distinguish the clear light of day through a tiny, irregular aperture—when he ran against the cold, hard rock. The shock was more than he could bear. He sunk down in the cold water with a cry of despair.

His spirit soon revived. Drawing his knife he struck the walls repeatedly on every hand. It was rock—nothing but rock. He was walling in, despite the little star.

He chipped away tiny bits of rock until he could thrust his hand through—out into the blessed air and light of day.

A sharp cry came to his ears, sounding from close beside him. Dropping his knife as he withdrew his hand, he glanced around him—all was darkness. Then he peered through the little hole. He saw human forms, heard the voice of white men, raised in wonder. He saw this, then raised his voice in an thrilling appeal for help—then his voice failed him and he sunk back like one dead. He had fainted.

He knew not that Felipe Raymon came up and recognized the knife as one belonging to his son; knew not that the men without were attacking the weather-bleached rock with iron bars taken from the plundered train, were underrunning the stone—knew nothing of how the breach was effected and he himself carried out and given over to his sobbing mother, who raised kisses upon his cold brow, believing him dead.

When consciousness returned, Pablo Raymon managed to tell his story—give a rough detail of all that had happened him from the time of leaving the train to ride to his sister's assistance until they were so terribly parted. He told all this, then swallowed the broth and food prepared by his mother and sunk into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

Felipe Raymon acted like one demented after learning in what peril Rosina had been left, and piteously begged assistance to go to her aid. It was refused; not from coldness, not because their sympathies were not fully aroused, but all save he knew that a storm was brewing which would require every man, every effort to avert, even if it did not overwhelm them entirely.

As the sun descended behind the rocky range the hillsides seemed fairly alive with dusky, painted figures, and Keoxa knew that the Pawnees would not allow the hours of darkness to pass without a desperate effort to wipe out the disgrace so recently cast upon them—knew that the Mad Chief was mustering his braves for a night attack.

His preparations were simple enough. His horses, together with the animals captured from the Pawnees, were hopped and tied securely together, ranged close along the most inaccessible portion of the rock wall. Before them lay his braves. The enemy, to reach them, must expose themselves upon the open, level ground.

Though the moon had not risen, the stars gave light enough for the keen-eyed sons of the desert to discover any foe before they could creep within point-blank range. And so they lay, quiet, sternly awaiting the struggle that was to cut short many a life, to still forever many a proud heart that beat now so stoutly and confidently.

Senora Raymon and Pablo, whose sleep more nearly resembled death, were placed in a little niche beyond the line of horses where harm could not reach them while their defenders lived. And through all the horrible uproar and confusion that ensued the young buffalo-hunter slept as soundly and quietly as though safe at home and swinging in his hammock.

"They're coming, old man Tony," muttered Jack Rabbit, as he looked to his revolvers. "I caught the clink of a musket-barrel against the rocks over yonder. Keep an eye on the old man—that Mad Chief will try hard for him to-night."

Aided by the twinkling starlight, they could see the dim, shadowy, phantom-like figures of the Pawnees, as they crept slowly across the open space, then pausing just beyond the line where arrows might reach them with any certainty in the gloom.

A brief, awful pause, during which the hearts of the dared devil borderers beat high and rapidly—then came the wild, ringing war-cry of Black Tiger, filling the hills with ten thousand echoes. And then, their hatred burning forth in an prolonged, savage yell, the wolf-children boldly charged upon their waiting rivals.

A cloud of arrows swept through the dark

line, the sharp twanging of bow-strings rising even above the prolonged echoes of the charging-cry; and mad exultation seized upon the snake-children as they saw the regular line grow irregular, saw the braves drop here and there, their charge forever stopped by death.

Then came the short, sharp cry of Keoxa, as he arose and led his yelling braves to the fight; the shrill, piercing scream of Jack Rabbit, and above all the deep, roaring sound emitted by the tongueless giant as he leaped into the thickest of the *melee*.

Even in that thrilling moment, the complete influence of the young chief over his braves was made manifest. Coolly and quietly the three braves whom he had singled out for the purpose, blew the carefully nursed embers into a blaze and applied them to the prepared piles of grass, buffalo chips and fagots, nor left them until the flames had caught hold of the moss and fairly ignited. Then grasping their weapons they plunged into the thick of the fight, eager to make up for lost time.

The flames, roaring and dancing higher and higher, fanned by the fresh night-breeze, now fully lighted up the thrilling scene, showing each man where to strike, preventing friend from attacking comrade.

The details—what pen could give them?

The terrible, intoxicating whole—that alone the eye might grasp. The mad rush of the rival bands, the clash of weapons as they came together, each party momentarily hurled back by the shock, only to come together again with redoubled ferocity. The flashing of blood-dripping weapons. The dull, thrilling thud as the keen steel sinks through flesh, cartilage and bone. The grating clash as steel meets steel. The sharp, spiteful cracking of the revolvers, each report signaling a death. The oath, the deep-breathed curse, the yell, angry and vindictive, gasping and choked as death forever stills the voice. Surging to and fro as they struggle furiously, a mingled mass of demonic passions rather than human beings. This much the eye, the ear might distinguish.

Conspicuous, both from his stature and his mighty prowess, the Mad Chief raged here and there, ever seeking one face, one figure—that of Felipe Raymon, but who had been stricken down early in the fight. His arm is dripping blood to the very shoulder. He seems a battle-lion.

Jack Rabbit, having emptied his pistols, took to his knife and hatchet. His mad ardor soon separated him from his friends, but, though surrounded by enemies, his wonderful activity and skill had as yet saved his body from more than mere skin-deep wounds. The eye of Black Tiger makes him out, and the white-haired giant bounds toward him, hurling aside his own braves and dealing the young scout a blow from behind, flung him across his shoulder and sounded the retreat. Like magic the Pawnees faded away, leaving the Comanches fairly amazed by their unexpected victory.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SNAKES VS. WOLVES.

LIKE magic the Pawnees melted away when the well-known signal of their chief rung out upon the night-air even above the frightful din. For the most part their dead was left behind them, the order for retreat came so unexpectedly.

The Comanches were taken completely by surprise, for the wolf-children were fully holding their own, if indeed the advantage lay not with them. And knowing this, not one attempted to follow the retreating foe, suspecting some cunning ruse hidden beneath the movement.

Rallying around Keoxa in answer to his cry, the panting braves looked to their weapons and awaited the expected assault. But as the minutes passed by without the anticipated yell and onset, the truth began to dawn upon them that the retreat was a fact and no artifice.

Then it was that they began to review their situation, to sum up the losses that they had sustained during the brief but hotly-contested hand-to-hand struggle. And not until then did Tony Chew note the disappearance of his comrade, Jack Rabbit. He glanced around, but saw him not, then blew sharply upon his crooked finger; the expected answer came not, and for a moment the dumb scout visibly trembled throughout his huge frame, as a sickening fear forced itself upon his heart.

Grasping a blazing brand from the nearest fire, he hurriedly, yet thoroughly searched the blood-stained arena—but though there were many a once stout and hearty body lying scattered around, he could find no trace of his friend.

Senora Raymon came forth from her place of refuge, and found her husband among the fallen, though he had only been stunned by the glancing blow of a hatchet, and speedily recovered his senses under her ministrations.

A faint, hazy light in the east betokened the speedy approach of the day-dog. During the night the dumb scout had vanished, no one could tell where or how. Keoxa looked grave and cold, though he bent a willing ear to the low words of Felipe Raymon, as they silently crossed the valley and passed out through the narrow opening into the desert. A dozen stout braves accompanied the buffalo-hunter, and Pablo, his son, rode beside him.

Keoxa had, though with serious doubts as to its advisability, consented to place a few braves under the hunter's charge, and guided by Pablo, they were now going to rescue Rosina and Leon, if it lay in mortal power. They stole silently away through the gloom of early morning, lest the watchful Pawnees should espy them and follow after to cut them off. And as the rocky spur was doubled, the two whites congratulated themselves upon their success, thus far.

As they rode away from the circular valley and after covering such distance as they believed would insure them against detection by any of the Pawnee lookouts, Pablo was led to repeat his story, going more into detail, and both deep and bitter were the curses of the father as he realized the whole extent of Black Garote's treachery and villainess.

"Thousand devils grill him alive!"

"The devil will have a chance if we can only meet him," quietly interposed Pablo. "If—if Rosina is—lost, her death lies at his door, and we will have revenge, as far as his poor, worthless carcass can go."

After that came silence. The party rode on, with scouts sent out far in advance, but there were no signs to alarm them, no traces of the recent presence of foe along the trail they were following, until, when Pablo announced their being near the huge boulder, one of the dismounted scouts came gliding back and uttered a few hasty words to the brave whom Keoxa had intrusted with their guidance, under Felipe Raymon. This Comanche spoke Spanish with sufficient fluency to render a conversation possible, and quickly translated the scout's report.

Not a quarter of a mile ahead of them a party of white men were busily working—burying around and beneath a huge rock. They had no look-outs, seemed utterly reckless of

observation—were two-legged moles, as the scout bluntly put it.

"Black Garote! if it is only he!" muttered Pablo, his eyes glittering, his hands closing upon the rifle—one of those taken from the plundered train and a trophy of the last night's fight.

"If it is he may be able to tell us something about—"

"He'll have to speak quick, then. It's either his life or mine, on sight. I can't forget how he insulted Rosina."

Raymon sharply motioned Pablo to keep peace, though he did not appear seriously displeased by the spirit displayed by the young man. He consulted with Manketo, and finally decided as follows. Himself and Pablo would ride forward in advance, lest the diggers should take to the rocks on sighting the Comanches, and, if possible, learn the truth from Black Garote. The Comanches would be within reach in case the half-breed cibolero should attempt any further violence.

"There's nothing to learn from him more than what I have already told you," said Pablo, after they had ridden for a few moments in silence.

"That may be, and yet—many hours have passed since you parted with—Rosina, and—ha!"

At that moment they rounded an abrupt corner of the rocks, and came fairly upon the party of "human moles," busily undermining the huge mass of rock.

"Hold! Black Garote!" cried Raymon, sharply, as the huge half-breed clutched his rifle. "We come in peace, just now, and if you are wise you will meet us half-way."

"You can want nothing of me," was the sullen reply. "Go your way while you can. That young devil of a son of yours has wrought us enough harm already—"

"Not so much as he intends doing—it's my turn now, Black Garote! You beat me like a dog—like a dog you shall die!"

The last words were drowned by the sharp, spiteful crack, and, with a bullet-pierced brain, the giant buffalo-hunter stumbled backward, quivering in the agonies of death.

"I couldn't help it, father," cried Pablo, as he grasped the elder man's bridle-rein and turned to flee before the stupefied hunters fairly realized what had occurred, "when I remember all that Rosina—"

A loud yell from the buffalo-hunters, accompanied by a couple of musket-balls and a number of feathered shafts, cut short the youth's speech, but no harm was done, and the next moment they were safe around the point of rocks. Only a few score yards away they saw Manketo and his braves advancing at a gallop, and so, a moment later, did the pursuers, who then halted, huddling together utterly demoralized.

Uttering their thrilling war-whoop, the Comanches swept by, unheeding the cry of Don Raymon. Possibly they had recognized some old enemy among the party, but be that as it may, the wretches met little mercy at the hands of the savages, who dismounted and followed them up over the rocks, massacring them wherever overtaken, though the terror-stricken, unarmed wretches scarce thought of grasping a weapon in self-defense.

Half an hour later Manketo returned to where the two Spaniards awaited him beside the boulder, two gore-dripping scalps hanging at his waist, his face cold and rigid as granite. He volunteered no explanation, nor did Raymon ask one. The wretched affair was over, and words could only do harm.

In silence they examined the vicinity, in doubt whether to continue the seemingly hopeless task begun by Black Garote. It appeared impossible for them to move the huge mass enough to lay bare the den-like entrance to the mine.

But the question was speedily settled for them, once and for all. A savage came hastily up and reported the vicinity of full two score horsemen—Pawnees—who were riding rapidly toward the spot, having evidently been attracted thither by the report of firearms.

The odds were too great to meet in open ground, and, his crafty mind fully upon the alert, Manketo glanced quickly around, and then bade his braves follow him. Leading their animals over the rugged trail, they obeyed, and in less than a minute more were in possession of the natural fortress selected by keen-eyed Manketo, just as the enemy turned into the little valley with a yell of discovery. They were indeed Pawnees, and, it may be stated here, were a party summoned by the smoke signals of Black Tiger from afar.

The position Don Raymon and Pablo now found themselves in was the best one that could have been found at such short notice. A sloping rock, so steep that it could only be scaled with great difficulty, its top covered with a dense growth of evergreens, beneath which they could lie unseen. Their animals were hastily but securely hopped at its base, and were safe from a stampede under cover of their rifles and bows.

The Pawnees seemed bent on ending all with one blow, and dismounting, rushed boldly forward, uttering their wild war-cry, yet taking advantage of every rock and evergreen. The two pale-faces were as cool and collected as their savage allies, and one after another father and son succeeded in picking off one of the foremost Pawnees. And then the bowstrings began to twang and the arrows to hurtle through the air. Still the wolf-children came on, and reaching the base of the rock, strove to ascend it. But daring as they undeniably were, this feat was an impossibility in the very teeth of the Comanches, and like magic the face of the rock was cleared, those below being knocked from their foothold by the slain from above.

Shrill and exultant rung out the Comanche slogan as the enemy hastily retreated, but Don Raymon's brow was clouded darkly as he glanced around them.

"Look, Pablo," he muttered, gloomily, pointing to a higher point of rocks upon either hand not fifty yards as the crow flies. "Put half a dozen rifles up there, or even bows, and what can we do? Die like wolves shot down in a pen—unable to lift a finger in self-defense."

That the Pawnees had not overlooked these vantage points was quickly made evident, as arrow after arrow came from the western point, mingled with an occasional musket-ball. The besieged lay close, but the frail boughs of the stunted evergreens afforded them scant protection, and though the concealed marksmen were forced to aim at random, already blood had been drawn, though no lives were lost. Still, this good fortune could not last long, for a glimpse was caught of dusky figures scaling the eastern point, and though a constant fire was directed upon both coverts, the marksmen did not slacken their fire.

Though the sun was sinking fast, it was yet two hours above the horizon—and how many of their little band could hope to ever witness its setting? The situation was indeed a gloomy one.

Father and son crouched side by side, ready to take advantage of any exposure of the enemy, when suddenly Pablo fell back, the blood

gushing in a stream from his breast, stricken down by a bullet from the eastern point of rocks.

CHAPTER XXXIII. SHARPSHOOTING.

The day broke clear and pleasant over the circular valley, lighting up the torn, trampled, blood-stained sward, the ghastly pile of dead Comanches and the bodies of Pawnees lying as they fell in the desperate fight. Shining over the grimly silent survivors, many of whom bore bloody traces of the past night's work. Shining over the wild and rugged rocks upon every hand, looking down and commanding the "basin," revealing here and there a dark, nearly nude figure gliding among the bowlders, or, in statuesque silence as though standing guard over the snake-children below.

From the highest peaks of rock still arose the tall, black columns of smoke that told his scattered braves that the Mad Chief required their assistance. Keoxa smiled grimly as he noted these prairie telegraphs. Possibly they might serve a purpose of which Black Tiger little thought.

The sun was near an hour above the eastern horizon, when Tony Chew made his reappearance, his face firmly set and even more than usually stern. He had been among the rocks, and had learned beyond a doubt that Jack Rabbit was a prisoner in the hands of the Black Tiger. With a skill peculiarly his own, the dumb scout had crept nearer and nearer, half resolved to risk all upon one bold attack, and trust to setting Jack free under cover of the confusion; but he was not given the chance. Jack he did not get to see at all, but a few words of the Mad Chief gave him an inkling of the truth; then, as the gray light grew stronger, he cautiously retreated from his perilous position and rejoined his red allies.

Squatting down and smoking his pipe, the big borderer fixed his eyes upon the square platform-like ledge, which his scout had convinced him lay before the entrance to a cave or den in the rocks. His patience was not tasked long. His strong white teeth bit through the stem of his pipe, as several human forms appeared upon the ledge, prominent among them the figure of the giant chief, whose right hand rested upon the shoulder of a bound, bareheaded prisoner—Jack Rabbit.

In a deep, sonorous voice, Black Tiger hailed the party below. Keoxa glanced inquiringly toward Chew, who nodded shortly and motioned the young chief to reply.

Speaking in Spanish, Black Tiger added: "There has been much fighting between the children of the Wolf and Serpent, much blood has been shed, and many scalps taken. Both have fought well, because they are men, and knew that they were facing men. That is well and as it should be. But, as there is time for fighting, so is there a time for peace."

"See! best man stands a great warrior. His hand is very heavy, and his eye never fails him. The Pawnees will cover their heads with ashes whenever they hear his name. He is such a great warrior that he must be dear to the hearts of his friends. It would be a pity to doom him to the torture stake, to die by fire. Listen, then, while I point out the only way to prevent this.

"The wolf-children had two captives, the other night, but you took them from us. That was fair—we do not complain. But now it is our turn. We hold a captive well worth twenty common braves. Yet we offer him in exchange for the two whom you took from us—for the old, worn out man and the woman, his squaw. If you agree, all will be well. The wolf-children will take them and go away, and let you depart in peace. Be true, and not only does this brave die at the fire stake, but not one of you will ever live to see your people again. I have said. The rest lies with you," concluded the Mad Chief.

"Tell him to go to glory, old man Tony!" abruptly shouted Jack Rabbit. "If you surrender those helpless people for me, I'll curse—"

Black Tiger clapped a broad palm over the young scout's mouth and checked his further speech, holding Jack with resistless force, never flinching though the sharp white teeth met in his palm. And then, as the dumb scout flung forward the muzzle of his rifle, the Mad Chief raised Jack Rabbit bodily from the ground, and interposed his body as a shield as he hastily retreated toward the cave entrance.

Either fearing to trust his skill at that long range, or influenced by some other reason, Chew lowered his rifle and made gesture of amity. Black Tiger paused, still shielded by the body of his prisoner, and cried:

"Lay aside your rifle and move away fifty yards from it, then I will listen to your answer."

Chew immediately complied, and then, with hands raised above his head, he made a few rapid gestures which were promptly translated by the young scout.

"I told you you might just as well spare yourself the trouble, old man. He says that I am a man, strong enough to take what is given me, and bear it as a man. That no one but a double-dyed coward and renegade would even dream of surrendering a woman into your hands. That is his answer, and I cordially endorse it—so do your level best and much good may it do you."

Tony made a quick, impatient gesture, but if Jack had not rightly interpreted his mute speech, he was unable to undo the mischief. Yet Black Tiger noted the fact, and it evidently gave him hopes of his offer being accepted after all, and after consulting apart with two of his followers, he advanced alone to the edge of the rock and said:

"You have given your answer, and in doing so, have signed the death of your friend. But we are not impatient. We will wait until the sun touches yonder peak; if the exchange be not made before that hour, 'twill be forever too late."

Jack Rabbit was then bound securely to the trunk of a tree which grew close to the edge of the shelf, at its northern end. Directly in front of him, the rock fell almost perpendicularly for a dozen feet. To the rear rose the rocky hills above the cavern.

While this was being done, the dumb scout slowly moved his hands until Jack Rabbit slightly nodded his head in token of comprehension. Then Tony turned and strolled away as though at perfect ease in mind and body. Yet he was not idle. First approaching Senora Raymon, he made a motion as of one writing, and then, slowly tracing each letter, he made the lady aware of his plans, bidding her tell Keoxa what would be expected of him and his braves, when the moment of action came.

Whether the Pawnees observed the fact or no, during the next hour Keoxa and half a dozen picked braves, vanished from casual view. Yet a keen eye, if stationed in the

circular valley, could have made out these dusky figures, cautiously stealing along from rock to rock, as though trying to reach the captive unseen. But such was not their intention, since they finally halted when some sixty yards from the base of the ledge.

Not till then did Tony Chew make a move. After seeing that his red allies were duly placed, he bearing his heavy rifle, glided along, then dropped suddenly behind a boulder, some seven score yards from where Jack was secured, and in a position where the young scout's profile was brought into full view.

To fully chime in with what follows, the reader must remember that this story is dated long previous to the days of Creedmoor and Dollymount, before long range shooting was brought to such a pitch of perfection, and when long range rifles with their marvelous qualities were generally regarded as "very like a whale." Then to "throw your meat cold" at two hundred yards, was a feat for boasting of among mountain men. Remembering this, the reader can understand how carefully the dumb scout made all his preparations, and how carefully each shot was aimed, with what breathless interest he peered through the veil of blue smoke to note the effect. That is, after his first two shots, for they were aimed at the half revealed forms of the Pawnee lookouts, and though they evidently had not been touched, the leaden missiles must not have passed far astray, for they henceforward kept their precious carcasses close hidden from the marksmen.

Then Tony set to work with nerves braced like steel. No yell of agony followed his shots, though he knew that he was performing his work right well—better even than he had dared anticipate.

What was he firing at? Well, had one of the Pawnees been in a position to have looked upon the northern side of the tree-trunk to which Jack Rabbit was bound, he would have noticed a round, yellowish spot where the bullet entered and laid bare the inner bark. And more: at the second shot he would have noticed how loose one of the turns of cord hung—would have seen the severed ends, and have read the riddle of those deliberate, single shots.

This was the task Tony Chew had set himself; at one hundred and forty yards, to sever one by one the rawhide thongs which held his comrade bound to the tree-trunk; when the width of these thongs are estimated at not more than a half-inch, the necessary degree of skill may be fully appreciated.

Tony had to exercise his judgment in more ways than one, as, if suspicion should be aroused before the right moment, all would be lost. Hence he divided his shots between the thongs, the lookouts and the entrance of the cave, though his position prevented his firing directly into the latter.

Besides this, he had to guard against severing one portion of the thongs entirely while another portion remained untouched, as should a few turns drop entirely off, the Pawnees could scarcely overlook the fact.

Fortune favored him beyond his most sanguine hopes. Five of the seven turns of rawhide were completely severed, leaving only one turn just below Jack Rabbit's armpits and another one confining his knees. The sun had but just passed the meridian, leaving him at least four more hours in which to work. And all this time none of the Pawnees appeared to suspect the real cause of the firing.

But now, whether his eyes were growing dim from the extraordinary strain upon them, or his rifle growing foul, Tony fired four shots at the lower turn without touching it. Then, hoping that Jack could kick the thong off, or burst it, when otherwise fies, Chew took deliberate aim at the other thong and fired.

Blending with the report came a hoarse, angry yell, and leaping to his feet he saw Black Tiger appear with uplifted hatchet, darting toward Jack, who was bound only with one turn, all the other things having dropped at his feet.

Keoxa and his men fired, but too hastily, and the doom of the young scout, who was desperately striving to free himself, seemed sealed beyond all hope.

Like an echo came a clear, piercing scream, and a light, graceful figure followed Black Tiger, with outstretched hands. It was that of Mini Lusa!

Whether intentionally or not, she doubtless saved Jack's life by stumbling against her father and making him miss his aim. The force of that irresistible blow caused him to stagger against the scout, whose clenched fist alighted full upon his throat, the loud hurling him headlong over the ledge upon the rocks below.

At the same moment Mini Lusa stooped and a knife flashed in the sunlight. Then Jack closed her in his arms and leaped over the ledge, just as a score of Pawnees spurred toward him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 306.)

Centennial Stories.

A YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

THE brilliant affair of the Margareta is familiar to all readers of Cooper's Naval History, as it was the first nautical enterprise that succeeded the battle of Lexington. While the story of O'Brien's daring has been repeated thousands of times, I do not think that I have ever seen in print a word about Peleg Post, his worthy contemporary.

At the date of our present Revolutionary narrative, June, 1775, Peleg Post had just completed his twenty-second year. He was a gaunt but not unhandsome youth, who stood six feet in home-spun wool, and agile and strong as a bear. A flourishing marine town in Maine called Seacoast granted him a home, and it was acknowledged that he was the best cooper on the coast.

The news of the battle of Lexington caused much excitement in Seacoast, and the patriots shook their fists at the armed schooner quietly anchored in the bay. The British flag flew from her mizzen peak, and her guns threatened the town where treason to King George was openly talked in the streets. The Vesta's commander was a haughty young Englishman, whose unbearing manners had gained him much ill favor from the natives. Before the news from Lexington, his loyal sentiments, rather hastily expressed, had widened the breach between ship and shore, and he had been informed that the decks of the Vesta were safer than the streets of Seacoast. For the echoes of Lexington's guns had emboldened the patriots of Maine, and the men of Seacoast grew weary of the Vesta's presence in the bay.

"That was a boat! Night before last I heard it push off, and there it goes again. Things are gettin' curious, I'll swan! and I'll

bet my last new barrel that the captain of the Britisher is in that boat."

The speaker was Peleg Post, the young cooper of Seacoast, and while he addressed himself in a low tone, the sound, as of oars half-muffled, gently died away to sea. He stood on the shore of the bay almost directly beneath the home of one of Seacoast's wealthiest citizens, and, with the last word still quivering his lips, he looked up at the house outlined between him and the starry heavens.

There was a bright light in one of the windows that looked seaward.

This discovery did not suggest anything startling to the young cooper, for he had often seen a light in the window quite late at night; but this time he saw something more than the light.

And it was that something that riveted his gaze to the window.

Pressed against the pane was the face of a woman. Peleg could see the dark hair that inclosed it, as it were, in a frame of ebony, and knew that it was the face of Martha Sturgis, the rich old man's daughter. She seemed to be looking seaward anxiously, and Peleg for a moment wondered what she hoped to see from her window when it was so dark without. For he did not associate the sounds which he had just heard with the maiden's face for several moments; he did not dream that they might be connected.

He was below the window in the darkness, and knew that Martha Sturgis could not see him; her dark eyes were directed seaward, and when Peleg turned toward the bay, he discovered the secret of the anxious look. He saw a sharp light dancing, as it seemed, on the waves, over the very spot where the Vesta was anchored at sunset.

The sight of the light instantly solved what to the stalwart young cooper had been a mystery.

The boat which had put off from the shore had reached the Vesta, and Martha Sturgis was waiting for the signal of its safe arrival. "You kin go to bed now, Martha," said Peleg, allowing his gaze to revert to the window above him. "Yer lover has got back to his ship safe and sound, an' will dream of the girl he left at the window."

As though she had heard his words, the beautiful watcher left the window, and the curtains which her hands drew close, shut off the light from the man on the shore.

Peleg remained a few moments longer on the beach, then, with a philosophic shake of the head, walked away, and quietly sought his couch in an attic.

Old Joshua Sturgis' neutrality no longer claimed respect from the cooper. He believed that the old man was a staunch loyalist, and that the commander of the Vesta had often visited his daughter under the cover of darkness. Perhaps the trio were plotting against the town, and the more Peleg thought about it, the more restless he became. He resolved that the captain's nocturnal visits should cease, and he even went so far as to think what a splendid privateer the Vesta would make.

At an early hour on the following day, Peleg related to six men in his coopering-shop his singular adventure on the beach beneath Martha Sturgis' home. His hearers were attentive ones, strong men like himself, and eager to perform some signal service for the cause of the colonies.

The armament of the schooner consisted of five light guns and thirteen swivels, besides a quantity of new cutlasses and pikes. A large supply of powder was stored in her magazines; and some very destructive hand-grenades completed her warlike cargo. Altogether, she was a very valuable ship, and as the Americans were in need of powder, her capture became of the greatest importance.

In Peleg's shop thirteen determined Yankee enlistees in the enterprise, which had been fully discussed, and the most profound secrecy was enjoined on all by the young cooper, who had been chosen leader of the expedition.

During the day a boat was made ready for the affair, and various arms, such as pikes, harpoons, old cutlasses, and axes, gathered together.

After dark, Peleg went down to the beach and watched the home of the Sturgises. He kept his eye fastened upon the window where the tory's daughter had watched for the signal at sea the night before, while he stood motionless by the rock against which he had planted himself.

After an hour's waiting a light suddenly flashed in the window of Martha's boudoir, and the cooper ejaculated:

"That means that the coast is clear, captain. Now come ashore and give us a chance to do the colonies a lot of service."

Following the setting of the light in the window, Peleg saw a face—the same which had greeted him before—and then following the look which the dark eyes cast seaward, he saw a light flash on the Vesta's deck.

By and by a faint sound of oars fell on his ears, and presently a boat grounded, it seemed, at his very feet.

Then a voice, which he recognized as Captain Hunt's, was heard at his elbow, and he saw a form leave the boat and walk straight toward the steps that led to the tory's gate. The boat, which remained at the water's edge, contained two sailors.

Peleg heard the closing of a door in the house above him before he moved. He knew that the captain of the Vesta had been received by the fair Martha, and sarcastically wished him a pleasant visit as he moved away.

Further down the beach twelve men and a staunch boat received him, and expressions of satisfaction ran through the party when he made known the Briton's nocturnal visit.

The boat was launched without noise, and the determined men took up the oars which had been muffled in Peleg's shop. Above their heads a few stars shone dimly, and a cool breeze fanned their hardy cheeks. Their brawny arms, bared to the elbow, made the oars bend like reeds in the heavy water, and not a word was spoken as the expedition approached the Vesta whose position was indicated by a lantern that hung at her bulkhead.

Peleg Post, who sat in the stern of the boat, kept his eyes on the light, and ever and anon muttered something that sounded like words of triumph.

On, through the gentle waves went the boat until the light flashed in the patriots' faces, and revealed the outlines of the Vesta which appeared to be some huge leviathan resting on the surface of the sea.

There was a silence on board that surprised the Americans, and the usual cry of "boat ahoy" did not greet their ears.

Where was the watch that he had not noticed the approach of the enemy? and why did not the ship's light flash suddenly upon the boat that almost touched her side?

"Give her 'ship ahoy!" whispered one of the men to Peleg, who was gazing up at the craft that seemed to be deserted.

"No!" was the reply; "we'll board her without signaling."

Almost without noise the Yankees rose to

their feet, and with the most convenient weapons that lay at their command, began to clamber up the Vesta's side. They kept from the light as well as possible, and Peleg, who had dropped his boots, at length dropped upon the deck like a cat.

His first look fell upon the watch in the bulkhead fast asleep, and a minute later the hands of the stalwart cooper had dropped upon his shoulder.

"Its me—Peleg Post," replied the Yankee to the sailor's startled look of inquiry. "Me and the boys propose to take possession of this ship and see if we can't do a bit o' service for the colonies. What's yer men?"

"Below," gasped the watch, frightened at the aspect of the men gathered about him. "The captain's ashore."

"That's why we came," said Peleg, and a moment later the strong arms of the patriots were fastening down the hatches.

The noise roused the Vesta's crew, and with oaths they demanded to know what the strange proceedings meant.

"It means that the Colonies of North America have taken charge of this craft!" responded Peleg.

His words were followed by a stillness that pointed to a consultation among the prisoners. After a while the voice of the first mate came up from below.

"We'll give you five minutes in which to leave the Vesta as you found her," said the mate.

"Suppose we should not go?" responded the cooper.

"Then we'll blow up the schooner! One of our men is at the magazine with a lighted pipe."

"He's in a dangerous position!" answered one of the patriots.

"If you are on board the schooner at the end of five minutes that pipe will be thrown upon the powder, and the craft will be blown to atoms. We will vindicate the honor of the English navy if it costs us our own lives."

"All right!" replied Peleg; "and we will proceed at once to rid your navy of a certain ship and her crew. I'm going to set fire to the ship!"

"And leave the hatches fastened down?" cried half a dozen voices.

"Why not? Dye's s'pose I'd send you to Seacoast and burn the ship! Decide in one minute what you will do—submit quietly or be burned alive!"

The silence that followed was suddenly broken. "Don't burn the ship!" cried the mate. "We will become prisoners."

Peleg's face wore a grim smile as he looked up at his men, and the prisoners came up one by one and submitted to the cord.

While they were being bound the captain's voice was heard to shout:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered one of the captors, and when Mortyn Hunt stepped upon his own deck he found himself a prisoner.

He was inclined to be obstreperous; but the stern faces of Peleg and his men told him that submission was the present safeguard of safety, and he quietly gave up his arms.

One of the Vesta's swivels awakened the sleeping inhabitants, and caused a pallor to creep over a face at a window that overlooked the bay. The captured schooner was run nearer the beach, and the brilliant exploit became known to all.

Not one drop of blood had been shed in the action; and I doubt if a more gallant nautical exploit was performed during the entire war for independence.

Peleg Post became the lion of the hour, and Martha Sturgis, the beautiful tory, wept to think that her love for Captain Hunt had brought disaster upon the British navy. A week later she had avenged the Vesta's capture by marrying its paroled commander.

The schooner's armament surprised the most sanguine, and the cooper and his men received the thanks of the Continental Congress. The captured powder was sent to Washington's army, and the Vesta was fitted out as a privateer. I need not say that Peleg Post was her commander, nor revert to the many exploits which the reader may well believe followed the gallant one I have described.

The following appeared as an editorial in one of our exchanges, and we give it place as a very proper answer to that class of persons who deny to wholesome fiction its just and proper place in every home:

Anathama-Marantha.

"By the way, I learn with horror that you are a writer of fiction, and worse than all, of that class known among the ungodly as Beadle's Dime Novels. I hope, for the sake of your soul's salvation, it is not true, for, candidly, my dear Doctor, I do not believe a writer of fiction can enter the kingdom of heaven."

The above is an extract from a letter recently received from a young friend, a theological student at Oberlin, Ohio. There is not the least doubt in the world but that this young man believes what he says, and still less that there are many others of the same opinion. As their judgment is evidently based upon prejudice, or formed through ignorance, it may be well for me to say a few words in reply. One of the same class said to me the other day that he would like to know how one feels when, after having been strongly affected by some thrilling tale, the thought occurs that there is not a word of truth in it. I reply that any work of fiction that is worth reading at all has truth in it, and the truest of all truth next to the Bible, and Euclid. Setting aside what we receive without questioning, because it is revealed to us, and what admits of demonstration, there are many degrees of truthfulness. At a certain interview between the Savior of the World and the Roman Governor of Judea, jesting, Pilate asked "What is truth?" and he would not wait for an answer, although he had then before him the only man that ever lived who could reply to his question. As to absolute truth, Pilate's question is as hard to answer now as when it was first propounded. There is hardly anything that we hold as true that is not, or has not been, disputed by somebody. You may say that man is a rational being, but another, who lives next door to a lunatic asylum, will tell you that he can bring four hundred facts to prove the contrary.

A writer of romance does not pretend to narrate facts, but to portray character, and just in proportion to his success or failure in copying nature is his work true or false. In my honest opinion a good fancy piece is truer than a bad portrait. Yes, my reverend sir, I have written some of those books "known among the ungodly as Beadle's Dime Novels," and if you will read them you will acquire a better knowledge of human nature, and of your boasted Christian charity, than you are like to possess if you confine yourself strictly to the dry facts of modern theology. In a

certain sense the glorious creations that have sprung to life in the brain of poet or novelist are more real than most of their flesh and blood prototypes.

Some very worthy people who disapprove of fiction in the main, are good enough to tell us it will do to read a novel now and then as a relaxation from graver studies. It is a relaxation, certainly, but if it is nothing more we might as well take a nap and rest all our powers together. In my professional visits I meet many with peculiar idiosyncrasies; for instance, one patient will recover on bread pills, taken under the impression that they are powerfully anti-bilious or anti-scorbutic, as the case may be, while another would die if left to such treatment. Just so it is impossible to estimate the exact percentage of mental or moral nutriment in any book, since that must depend, for each reader, on how much he is able to assimilate; but, judging from experience and observation, I believe there is *positive benefit* (not the mere negative one of relaxation), to be derived from reading the best novels. Since you have so kindly called my attention to the subject, permit me to say I know of no better books than Beadle's Dime Novels—unless it is their *twenty* cent ones. Is your standard of morality in a book the style of binding in which it is issued or the price for which it sells? Would the Bible be any less precious to you in a yellow or salmon-colored cover? Out West here, one can purchase a very pretty copy of the New Testament for a *dime*; would it be any less the Testament if it bore the imprint of Beadle & Adams?

It is not alone to the historical novels of Walter Scott, Bulwer or Shakspeare that we are indebted for improvement as well as enjoyment, and it is not a slight obligation we owe to those who have sought to raise us to a higher plane by filling our minds with noble and graceful images, and our hearts with a wider charity. Who would be willing to have Uncle Tom effaced from his memory? How could we do without the Vicar of Wakefield or the Ideals of Dickens?

There is something wrong, morally, with those who are continually harping and finding fault with what they know absolutely nothing about. They are constant reminders of the fact that while a bee curls only honey from a bed of flowers, a spider sucks nothing but poison. I remember a good old New England clergyman, some of whose flock had been bitten by the same spider that torments my Oberlin friend. The good man was highly incensed at what he considered the wickedness of some of his parishioners, to such an extent, indeed, that one of the offenders undertook by sending the public reproof he saw impending by sending to his pastor a written request that he would preach from the text "*There is a time for all things*." The sermon was forthcoming, the next Sunday, and I believe was a good one, though I remember only the substance of the exordium. He said that in regard to the duty of reading works of fiction, if it was a duty, he had no reason to fear that they had ever been remiss. The work in question was Pilgrim's Progress.

To this class of grumblers in general, and to my Oberlin friend in particular, let me confide a secret. It is not many months since a popular publishing house in the East issued a Sunday-school book which is now upon the shelves of many of our Congregational libraries. That book was written by myself; first, as a Dime Novel, but as the supply of matter for that purpose exceeded the demand, the manuscript, with but slight alteration, found its way to Boston, and is now a model Sunday-school book. If you ever come across a book of that character entitled *Snowflake*, just sit you down and read it; but, first, let me whisper in your ear that there is not one word of truth in it, *i. e.*, if by truth you mean facts.

You say it is nothing to write a Dime Novel, meaning, I presume, that it is not hard work. If such is your idea, please try it once; though I venture the assertion that not one in ten of the graduates of Oberlin could write a novel that would be acceptable, or pass "muster" at the hands of the publishers of the Dime Novels. If, perchance, your manuscript should be returned marked "unavailable," or "respectfully declined," or with the still more brusque comment "for lack of originality," you would be forced to the conclusion that the successful romancers must work some, and be possessed of at least the lawful supply of brains.

The time was, once, when book-loving children passed from Jack the Giant-Killer and Puss in Boots to Robinson Crusoe and Pilgrim's Progress, and then to Scott and Shakspeare, as naturally as a duck to water. Nowadays their mental pabulum consists, in the first place, of the popular Sunday-school literature, and then, as a rule, there is nothing more rapid and worthless. (Of course, I except *Snowflake*.) A grain of truth here and there, perhaps, but reminding us of boarding-house coffee, of which one must take eight or ten cups of water to secure a reasonable amount of coffee. From the average Sunday-school book the transition is easy to the sensational novels of the day, English, American, and reprints of the nightmare pages of Dumas, the younger, and Victor Hugo, worst of all.

Yes, my Christian friend, I do write for Beadle's, when I write at all; and, knowing their standard of excellence, I consider myself highly honored whenever they accept my "visions of fancy." Nor do I fear that my earnest efforts to entertain or edify my readers, even with fiction, will result in anything so lamentable as sending me to serve his Satanic Majesty for ever and a day.

Let me advise you, friend *Skeptic*, to secure a copy of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, published by that same firm of Beadle & Adams, and read it carefully; and if you cannot profit by the sterling good sense to be found in all the writings of A PARSON'S DAUGHTER; the fun-loving, relentlessly-sarcastic Eve Lawless, or the chronic good-humored Whitehorn and Joe Jot, then I will admit your case is hopeless. And should you desire to know more of the country you live in, and the characters—unknown and incomprehensible to you who were never west of the Reserve—who, to-day, occupy their proper places, and who go to make up that conglomeration yclept *society*, then read the serial stories of any of their writers.

In conclusion, permit me to add: read what you please, if your head is "level" and your heart unspotted, it will not injure your morals. "To the pure in heart all things are pure."

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THE BOSTON ELLUM.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

The history of this cane, my boy,
Should be engrossed on vellum.
(Stop bawling, will you!) It once grew
Upon the Boston Ellum.
That famous tree that stood upon
The famous Boston Common,
(Don't pull away) and was revered
By every man and woman.
(Don't snifle so.) This famous tree
Was planted by Columbus
In thirteen five. (Wait, by and by
I'll help you with your rumpus.)
'Twas fed by intellectual dews
That fell at morn and even.
Just wait, you'll think this single cane
At least is six or seven.
Beneath it Poushontas sat
A-wooling of De Soto
Long moons ago. (What are you at?
Don't yell until you ought to.)
Beneath its shade the savages
(Will you behave your jerking?)
For Washington and General Grant
Were often wont to lurk.
The Pilgrim Fathers sought its shade
The moment that they landed,
And pilgrim sons and daughters there
Danced round it squeezed-handed.
It heard the shots at Bunker Hill,
And shook the urchins off it;
No heart with Boston trade-mark on
That did not gleefully love it.
Upon its limbs at noon-tide's hour
The Salem witches dangled,
Ere yet the good old days were gone,
Before these days now-fangled.
(You'll get it soon.) Beneath it sat
Men famed in song and story:
Don Quixote and Miles Standish fought
Beneath that tree for glory.
This cane grew on the famous tree
That sheltered bards and sages;
Poets have (look here, young man!)
Sung in its shade for ages.
Historians have chawed its leaves
To extract facts historic;
Philosophers have found metaphors.
(I'll make yer yell like Toric!)
An ignorant story at last blew down
This old historic ellum.
The place is there yet where it fell,
(Those screams, I'll help you swell 'em.)
Now here, my son, you smoked that change
I saved for the Atlantic!
And this old cane is just the thing
To pay you for that antic!

Who Had the Best of It?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MR. AUGUSTUS REVINGTON looked through the spiry clous of cigar-smoke that were floating lightly through the room—looked at Tom Spencer with such a cool, contemptuous, pitying glance, that that young gentleman actually laughed outright as he finished speaking, and then immediately began again.
"Upon my word, Gus, old boy, but you are good as a play, and the rare fun of it is I believe you honestly mean every blessed word you say."
"Of course, I mean every word I say! Why shouldn't I, when my life is a practical illustration of the theory I have held to—that a man is a fool to fall in love!"
Spencer leaned meditatively back in his chair.
"Let's see, Gus; how old are you? I'm thirty-five, you know, and I can remember when I was a little shaver you were quite a young man. How old are you, Gus?"
Mr. Revington replied, very promptly:
"Old enough to know human nature pretty thoroughly. That is, fifty-three next May-day."
Spencer looked admiringly at him—hale, hearty, handsome, with his gray, luxuriant beard, bushy hair, and wide-awake blue eyes—handsome enough to slay woman's heart yet, backed, too, by a snug fortune.
"Fifty-three! You never look it, Gus! You're as young as I am—and never in love once, yet! The saints preserve you when you do take the madness—it'll hit hard!"
Mr. Revington smiled with calm superiority.
"I'll risk it, Tom! And more, I'll confess the soft impeachment when I'm first attacked." Tom laughed at this dignified earnestness.
"Good! I'll wager a basket of champagne she'll come in the form of a widow, too—one of those dimpled-cheeked, rosebud-mouthed little widows, whose eyes will discover your vulnerable spot by the species of magnetism they are sure to possess! I declare I'm quite excited over it, Tom! Let's drink to the future Mrs. Revington and the little Rev."
"Stop just where you are, Spencer. A joke's a joke, but—"
Tom had tossed off his Claret lightly.
"But when it comes to be possible reality it is another thing, eh?"
He laughed, and lighted a second cigar.
"If you please, sir, is this seat engaged?"
It was the sweetest, silveriest voice Mr. Augustus Revington had ever heard in all his life, with all his experience among well bred women, who talked in low, gentle tones, sweet as the notes of a bell.
It was her voice, so wondrously enchanting, that made him look quickly up from his paper, to see a graceful, lady-like girl—no, hardly a girl, for there was maturity in face and form that was far more charming than the blushing consciousness of a girl.
A young lady, draped in clinging, stylishly-out garments of some soft, black fabric—cashmere Revington knew it was, for he was no mean connoisseur in women's toilettes—with small, perfect hands, wearing dark pearl kidneys; with a dainty little hat trimmed in lavender and jet, and a thick black veil thrown over her head and face—almost as if she were anxious to hide herself.
She halted inquiringly beside his seat as she spoke.
"Engaged? No, madam."
Mr. Revington bowed as he answered her, and removed his handsome traveling-satchel to the floor.
Then, as she sat down with a prompt, musical "Thank you," he caught himself wondering why he had said "Madam."
"She surely cannot be unmarried," he thought, remembering her sweet voice—"sure enough, she's a widow! A fellow with half an eye would know that—young, pretty, in light mourning that means 'not inconsolable.'"
He turned to his paper again, and began to read the stock report, thinking what a fragrant perfume this aristocratic little lady had brought with her. Then she suddenly, and half deprecatingly, spoke to him again:
"I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but if you will be good enough to place my shawl and package in the rack?"
"I beg pardon for my stupidity, madam. Can I be of further service?"
He asked it with a vague desire to hear her speak; and wishing that horrid veil were off, so he could see the fair face he knew must accompany such a figure, and voice, and manner.
"Only to tell me when we come to Edgehill Park." "Edgehill Park! Certainly—I stop there myself over one train."

Somehow, that made them acquainted; and Mr. Revington laid down his Herald, and a most delightful conversation ensued between this sweet-voiced woman and Augustus Revington, the invulnerable.

"I am going on a visit, you see, to Edgehill Park, and it seems so strange to think I am an entire stranger to the family whose guest I am to be. They were friends of my husband's." Mr. Revington was triumphant at this proof of his skill in reading facts.

"Then you are a widow! I thought as much."

She answered, very quickly:
"For three years. Isn't it very warm in here?"

A sudden thought occurred to Mr. Revington—an inspiration direct from heaven, surely.
"Not very warm—but your heavy veil oppresses you, perhaps."

His heart actually quickened its beats as the little kidded hands unfastened the sparkling jet pins that held the veil. Was her face as enchanting as her manner! and then, of a sudden, there rushed over him, like a flood, the remembrance of Tom Spencer's laughing prophecy.

A pretty little widow, with magnetism in her manner—and here was the widow and the charming, well-bred tones, at all events! Was she dimpled and rosy? If she was—and Mr. Revington smiled and sneered at the same minute, then—was actually gazing of staring at the sweetest face he had ever seen in his life—a pure, pale face, with scarlet lips he experienced a sudden desire to kiss, with roguish eyes, gray and liquid, and shadowed by thick, dark lashes and brows just the hue of her way hair.

His heart certainly was demoralized, playing him traitor, or something, for it beat faster than it had for many a day.

Suppose—just suppose—that what that ridiculous Tom Spencer had said was true! only suppose, for the sake of an argument, that this delicious little widow should take a fancy to him!

And, in the very face of all his past declarations, despite his fifty-three years—thirty of them experience among the fair sex—Mr. Revington caught himself quivering with delight at the thought!

Such a little darling as this would be to pet, such a fascinating creature to present to one's friends as "my wife, old fellow, you know!" Such a radiant face to have opposite one at the table morning and night! Only—that on earth would Tom Spencer say? Say!—why turn green with jealousy that he had not won this peerless, gray-eyed beauty himself—the selfish fellow!

Then, a horrible feeling, not unlike jealousy, flashed up in his heart as he remembered Edgehill Park was where Tom Spencer's folks lived! and this little divinity was going to visit at Edgehill Park!

"Did I understand you to say you would visit at Edgehill Park? at your late husband's relatives?"

Mr. Revington had assuredly understood as much, but he asked the question, perhaps, with the vain hope of having been mistaken.

She raised her eyebrows and smiled.
"Yes—at the Spencers'. Do you know the family?"

Mr. Revington felt as if a stream of cold water had been suddenly poured down his back. Did he know the Spencers?

"Yes, I know them—rather an odd fellow, one of them. You'll see him, of course. I suppose you've heard of Tom?"

"Yes, I think I have. Handsome, isn't he?"

Mr. Revington shrugged his shoulders.

"He might suit some tastes—not mine, and I may venture to say, not yours. I am older—somewhat older than you, and let me warn you that Mr. Tom Spencer is a renowned lady-killer—a boaster of his success in winning hearts. I hope you will not—"

She laughed and blushed so deliciously, and gave Mr. Revington such a look!

"I had not heard such a report of Mr. Spencer. It's terrible, isn't it?"

"Awful! although perhaps an old bachelor like myself am—"

She gave a delightful little start of surprise.

"Are you a bachelor? Why, I thought surely you were a married gentleman. You are so—"

She hesitated half confusedly, half laughingly.

Mr. Revington looked ardently at her.

"So—what? If I may ask, madam."

"Well—so—nice, I was going to say."

Heaven! this beautiful woman thought he was "nice!" Mr. Revington forgot Tom Spencer, Edgehill Park—everything except that he only wished she thought him something more than "nice."

"I am proud of your good opinion; I only wish I was in the happy condition you imagined me."

She cast her eyes down then, and played with the handle of her sachel.

"I am quite sure it is your own fault that you are unmarried."

"Do you think so, really? If I thought it, I'd be an engaged man before—"

He hesitated, actually appalled at his own sudden boldness and interest.

"Take my advice, Mr.—oh, I would so like to know your name."

He handed her his card, and wondered at the roguish mischief that shot suddenly in her eyes.

"Mr. Revington? why, I've heard of you before!"

He bowed, and looked exceedingly happy.

"Thank you! And, knowing me, do you still adhere to the opinion you have regarding—ah—appertaining to—my success if I contemplate marriage?"

It was his boldest stroke, and his heart went pit-a-pat most rapidly.

"Indeed I do! And if there is a lady in the world you love, take my advice, and tell her. Is there one?"

Her sudden, archly challenging question almost routed his sense of propriety, but he answered very eagerly.

"Only one in all the wide world, madam, whom I ever dreamed, even of admiring! A perfect little darling, with the sweetest face and brightest eyes—"

The brakeman bawled unfeelingly in the face of this burst of rhapsody:

"Edge—h—ill P—ar—k—k!"

Mr. Revington arose and handed her parcels to her.

"I am so interested, Mr. Revington. Can't you call at Mr. Spencer's while I am there? I would be so glad to see you!"

It seemed as if he was treading on air, perfumed with fragrance wafted from Araby the Best. Invited to see her—actually invited to see her, this peerless, perfect, bewitching woman! and right under Tom Spencer's nose, too! what would Tom say? of course he'd be for trying his arts on her, the first thing, but from indications, it would be "no go." This charming widow had manifested her interest in himself, and it wouldn't be his fault if it stopped there.

Go to see her? if business went to smash by his absence. And he took her dainty little hand very cordially, as they stood on the platform—the only passengers for Edgehill.

"If you will make me happy by giving me your name—"

She laughed and showed her pretty teeth: then, a brighter, happier light sprang into her eyes as—Tom Spencer rushed up, and caught both their hands.

"Florry! Hello, Revington, you up on this train?"

Mr. Revington bowed dignifiedly, and "Florry" turned her bright laughing face to him.

"Mr. Revington has been very good to me, Tom. Introduced me, won't you?"

Tom laughed—more at the odd expression of Mr. Revington's face than any thing else.

"Of course with pleasure. Mr. Revington, this is Mrs. Estcourt, known more familiarly as 'Florry' to me, who has come to visit my family, prior to making one of it in a few weeks. You'll get cards, Gus, in good time."

"And you'll be sure to come, Mr. Revington? I do hope you will take my advice about the sweet girl you are speaking of. And thanks for your kindness. I'm quite ready, Tom, dear!"

Mr. Revington bowed mechanically and watched them walk off, with more of homesick pain in his heart than had ever affected it before.

Then, he went about his business like a sensible man, and by the time the bewitching widow wrote her name Florry Spencer, he had come to the conclusion that perhaps, after all, Tom had the worst of it.

Josiah's Serenade.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

So the boys turned out a-serenadin' last night, did they? Wal, all I've got to say, is, I hope the gals they serenaded enjoyed it as much as I did a serenade I got onst.

Tell you about it, hey? Lawful sakes! I hain't told it to anybody fer's many as a dozen years, 's I know on. I ain't much of a hand to tell what happened when I was young. But I s'pose I'll hev plenty o' time to tell it to you while the tea-kettle is a-billin'.

You see, I had two beaus along the time that this serenade come off. One on 'em was yer gran'father, an' 't'her was old uncle Josiah Hooper. You know uncle Josi. He lives over to the Holler. You've seen him to meetin's.

He allus begins his exhortation by sayin' that he's a "mis'able sinner; a brand, as it were, plucked from the burnin'." You hear him once, with that drawlin' way o' his, an' you'd never forget him. An' what makes it seem so funny is, I never see him a-gittin' up to talk in meetin' 'thout thinkin' o' that time he serenaded me, 'cause he allus looks jest as he did the next mornin' when father let him down out o' the apple tree.

You see, I never liked Josi a particle. But he'd got sot on havin' me, an' somehow father'd got to thinkin' 't'would be a mighty nice thing for me to be Mr. Hooper. I had mother on my side, an' we generally managed to come it over father and Josi; but sometimes he'd git the start of us, an' he'd come to stay Sunday nights, an' he'd stay, an' stay, an' I'd fidget round, an' pertend I went to sleep; but he wouldn't go 'way till 'most mornin'; I was always awful cool to him, but he did not want to take the hint, an' he wouldn't.

Father didn't like your gran'father very well in them days, 'cause there'd been a pile o' trouble 'tween the two families, but I knew Gabriel wa'n't to blame for't, an' I felt bad enough over it. An' mother, she set a good deal by Gabriel an' incouraged me to keep com'pny with him. Law' sakes! I wouldn't a-married Josi Hooper if he'd been the last man in the world! But father thought he'd fetch it about somehow.

Now, if there was anything father hated, 'twas a fiddle. My sakes! He'd grate his teeth when he heard one, an' the sound of it seemed to rasp his nerves all to pieces. An' he thought fiddles was sinful things, too. Now, I knew Josi played one some. Leastways I'd heard so, but I'd never mentioned it to father. I was calculatin' to ask him to bring it over with him some time, unbeknownst to father, an' git him to play, I knew that'd have an effect on him, but things happened a good deal better 'n I could 'a' planned 'em.

One day I heard that Josi was a-comin' over that night to serenade me. Now, father hated serenadin' wuss, if possible, than a fiddle, 'cause he thought it was foolishness, an' I knew put a fiddle an' a serenade together it 'ud rasp him up fearful. But I thought he'd grin and bear it, comin' from Josi, so I says to mother, says I:

"I wish we could make him think 'twas Gabriel, instead of Josi, an' let him know afore hand, so's he could be ready fer him. I'll bet we'd see some fun."

"You leave that to me," says mother, an' I knew she'd fix things up all right.

I dun' know what she told father, but he looked awful mad all the afternoon, an' I heard him say he'd fix 'em. He'd see if he'd have folks stalkin' round his house when decent folks ought to be abed, a-gittin' up rumpuses, an' makin' fools of themselves. He'd show 'em.

An' long to'rds night he went over to Deacon Stiles, an' when he come back he was leadin' old Tige, the deacon's dog, by a chain. An' the way he chuckled when he hitched him up in the wood-shed was a sight to see. I thought he'd split, he laughed so. I was a' peekin' through the kitchen door. An' we was so tickled, mother'n me, that we had to laff too. I guess he'd 'a' known what we was a' laffin' at he'd 'a' been purty mad.

I didn't go to bed at all. I sat down by the window an' waited. It must 'a' been about midnight or thereabouts, when I heard the gate open soft'y, an' some one crep' round the house an' stopped right under my bedroom window.

I peeked out and made sure it was Josi. He had his Sunday clothes on, an' was a-takin' his fiddle out of his box when I see him. Then I dassent look any longer, for fear he'd see me, so I draw'd back an' listened while he tuned up. Lawful sakes! such awful sounds as he did make! I didn't wonder it sot father's teeth on edge to hear 'em. I heard old Tige a-growlin' in the woodshed, but Josi was too busy to hear anything but his fiddle a-squeakin'.

Purty soon he begun to play. He commenced on Balermey. I don't b'leve you ever heard Balermey played on a fiddle. It's a slow, sanctimonious sort o' tune anyway, you know, an' Josi didn't seem to feel jest sure where to go after he'd got one note, an' had to kinder feel round after the next one, an' it did sound awful funny. I had to laff to hear it.

I heard father jump out o' bed, an' I knowed what was comin'. He run out to the wood-

shed, an' purty soon I hear Tige tear round the house, an' father a-yellin' "sic 'em, Tige, sic 'em!" an' a-settin' him on.

Then I peeked out, an' I see Josi jump more'n ten feet as Tige made a grab at him, an' his fiddle went flyin' into the laylock bushes, while he lit out for the apple-tree in the corner o' the garden, with his coat-tails a-streamin' right out straight behind him. He give an awful leap just as Tige grabbled him by the breeches. I heard 'em a-tearin', an' Josi a-cussin' 's if suthin' 'cept the cloth was tearin', an' then he managed to get up into the tree.

Old Tige hadn't no notion o' givin' it up so, so he jest planted himself at the foot o' the tree an' growled. I heard father go back to bed, bymymy, an' I knew he was goin' to let Josi roost till mornin'. Thinks I, he'll be kind o' s'prised when he finds out who he's treed.

Josi thought, I s'pose, that Tige'd go away after a little, but the dog didn't. Every time Josi'd move he'd snarl. Josi'd say "poor Tige," "good old feller!" an' coax him, but he couldn't soft soap Tige a mite. Then he'd git mad an' tell the dog to "git out," and "stub-boy," but Tige didn't pay any 'tention to it.

Mornin' come, an' father went out to see how matters stood. He found the fiddle in the laylock bush, an' he gin it a kick that 'histed it more'n ten foot into the air, an' knocked it all to pieces.

You'd jest orter 'a' seen him when he discovered who it was up the apple-tree.

"Is it you, Josi Hooper?" sez he, madder'n a settin' hen. "I thought 'twas Gabriel Peters. I swum, I didn't think you was big enough fool to be up to such tricks. I don't wonder you're ashamed to see 'em"—for Josi he looked awful sheepish. "Here, Tige, let the fool get down," sez father. "Now, you jest climb down out o' that tree mighty lively, and don't you let me ketch you about these diggin's ag'in."

Josi he slid down with his back turned so we couldn't see it. I s'pose there was an awful rent in his garments som'mers. An' he didn't stop to say good-mornin', but went off home 'cross lots.

'Twarn't long after that that father told me he'd concluded that Gabe Peters was the likeliest one o' the whole Peters tribe, an' sed he didn't care if I did go with him, but he wouldn't advise me to marry him as he know'd of. But he was so sot in his way that he wouldn't 'a' said anything else, 'cause he'd talked ag'in it afore. But I told Gabriel I knew 'twas all right, an' father never said anything more ag'in his comin' to see me.

An' Josi was keeful to keep away. Land-sake! there's that tea-kettle a-billin' over!

Woodcraft.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

THE following episode of trapping life was related to me by old Pierre Lajoie, some years ago. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words, from hasty notes taken at the time.

In the spring of '37 Kit Carson and I—being then under no engagement to any of the trading companies, and consequently subject to no control save our own will—put our heads together and finally decided upon a plan that was more bold than prudent. You see, while at Brown's Hole, where we disposed of our peltries and had a jolly spree after our winter's siege, Kit Carson saved the life of a Delaware Indian known as Tom, who, drunk himself, was standing but a poor show amidst half a dozen drunken trappers. It was a "free fight," though it begun by Delaware Tom's cheating at cards. Not that this was anything new; all tricks were fair in "draw poker"—but to be detected was dishonorable. Delaware Tom had swallowed too much "corn juice," and Cal. Burnes detected him.

Well, Kit waded into the muss and managed to drag Delaware Tom out of the fight. Though the red-skin was cut in several places, none of the wounds were very serious, though they might lay him up during the spring hunt. It was in gratitude for Kit's saving his life that Delaware Tom let us into his secret. The half a dozen years past he had trapped alone, and always brought in more peltries than any two men in the business. So, when he told Kit where his "range" was, only making him promise that he would never make it known to the brigade, we made up our minds to spend our spring season there. For this reason we refused all offers made us by Bridges and Fitzpatrick, and fitting ourselves out thoroughly, loading two packmules heavily, we left Brown's Hole, and after making a wide circuit to throw off the scent any person who might be curious enough to follow us, we struck out for Lewis Fork, after which it would be an easy matter to find the wide streams mentioned by Delaware Tom as being alive with fur.

We soon found that the red-skin had told no more than the truth, for during the first week no night passed but that all or nearly all of the traps set contained a beaver or an otter. As you may guess, we were in high glee, for, though fur was then at low prices, our spring hunt bade fair to double the amount we had made on any previous one.

Delaware Tom had warned us that unless we used great caution we would be troubled with the bad Indians, and, indeed, we found the valley full of fresh "sign." We did not venture forth from our cache by daylight, always visiting our traps early enough to get back before daylight, going and coming by water until a couple of hundred yards from our den, when we made use of the rocky ground that retained no trail. During this week we never burned a grain of powder, living upon beaver tails, which we cooked at night so that the smoke might not betray us, with the small fire well hidden behind our blankets.

But matters were working far too smoothly to last long. Such a vein of good fortune does not run long without a cross stroke. And ours came a little after a week's successful trapping.

It was just before sunset. Kit and I were busy at work "graining" the skins we had lifted that morning in our cache. Imagine a narrow, deep river, running between steep, rocky banks. Then, on our side, came a level plateau, covered with short, sweet grass and a few young trees. Beyond this again was a hill, almost mountain, rocky and broken, its base fringed deeply with stunted cedar and pine brush. Close to this base was our cache; take a basin, deep, with sloping sides, and stand it upon edge in a cavity like this, eaten from the face of the rock, we lived. In front the bushes concealed us. Thick, climbing vines veiled the face of the hill above, some of the tendrils falling down to the shrubbery, forming a perfect screen. Only by a close examination could the cavity be detected, and we were careful enough to leave no signs before our door.

As I said, the sun was just setting, when Kit jerked the pipe from my mouth and extinguished the tobacco. I didn't ask his mean-

ing, for I caught the same sounds that had alarmed him; the quick trampling of horses' hoofs upon the rocks beyond. And then a war-party—for we could easily read their paint-of Blackfeet Indians rode up and dismounted just before our cache.

I don't believe any one would have envied our situation when we saw the red-skins dismount and make preparations for encamping upon the grass-covered plateau, only a few rods from our ambush. Yet our greatest danger was from our animals, who were with us in the cavity. Should they stamp upon the rock floor or utter a single whicker, discovery must follow, and though we might make "cold meat" of a few Blackfeet, we must go under before twenty well-armed braves.

I own freely that I was scared—bad scared, too. Yet Kit Carson was as cool and calm as I ever knew him to be. In fact, I never saw him really frightened but once; I'll tell you of that time some o' these days, if you remind me.

"Lajoie," said Kit, in a low whisper, "do you keep close watch on the varmints, while I fix the critters. If we must fight, I want to get in the first lick."

I did as he bade me, but managed to keep one eye upon him as well. He took up a bundle of the skins we had just been graining, cutting stout strips from each. Then he doubled the skins, fur outside, and tied one around each hoof of our animals. In addition to this he blinded the two packmules, knowing that while these remained firm neither of the animals would make a sound. Our horses—his was Apache—were too well trained to give voice when cautioned not to, and they were not bladded. This completed, we felt safer.

Kit had already laid our plans, and we only waited for the Blackfeet to go to sleep before putting them into execution. Though by this move we would probably lose our mules and pelts, we considered ourselves lucky to get off with our lives.

It was near morning before the Indian camp was quiet enough for our attempt. But then Kit gave me the signal, and glided to where Apache stood, taking him by the bridle. I followed with my animal.

Kit cautiously and slowly pressed along the side of the hill, between it and the fringe of bushes, carefully rolling aside the rocks over which the horses might otherwise stumble. You may judge of our caution when I tell you that we were fully half an hour going the first hundred yards.

At this point we must leave the bushes and step out upon the rocky pass that cut the two hills in twain. The moon was shining brightly and the Indian camp was in full view. Still we dared not pause. It was almost day, and the Blackfeet might arouse at almost any moment.

As Kit stepped out into the open, I glanced back and saw a red skin sit up, yawning heavily. His face was turned toward us; discovery seemed inevitable. Yet the longer we delayed the greater would be our peril, and so we pressed on as rapidly as possible, with a due regard to silence.

But we were not to escape so readily. The Blackfoot caught sight of us and sprung to his feet with a loud yell. That cry was his last, for Kit wheeled and threw him in his tracks with a bullet through his brain. Then we leaped to saddle and darted up the pass, while the Indians, fully aroused, sprung for their animals.

The hills, though high, were not of any great extent, and Kit turned into the first pass leading east, meaning to strike the river, swim it and make a bee-line out of the country where Blackfeet scalps grew so thick. But before we had gone half a mile my horse trod on a loose stone and fell, breaking its leg. I was somewhat bruised, though I managed to light on my feet. Hearing the Blackfeet yelling along our trail, I sprung up behind Kit and we hastened on. We both knew that Apache could not carry us out of the danger riding double, and I proposed to take to the rocks, but Kit swore that we would stick together to the last.

We rounded the hill in safety, and for a few moments were hidden from the Indians. Dismounting, Kit turned Apache loose, sending him off with a stinging slap. Then we plunged into the thick brush that grew along the river banks. Why didn't we swim over at once? For a very good reason. The bank of the river was nearly a hundred feet high, running down to the river at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Though there were few rocks in its bank, we didn't care about trying the descent while a hope remained of getting away by other means. We trusted the Indians would keep on after the loose horse, thus giving us a chance to take the back trail, recover our pack-mules and *puck-a-chee*.

But our hopes were vain. Either they suspected the trick, or else caught sight of the riderless Apache; anyhow, the Blackfeet charged upon our ambush. Kit brought down the foremost, and as though satisfied with learning our position, they immediately fell back to cover.

Strangely enough Kit made no attempt to reload his rifle, but placed his head close to mine, looking keenly into my face.

"You're not frustrated—your head is cool and steady enough for a bit of sharp work!" he asked, in a clear whisper.

"Tell me what to do, and I'll do it," I replied.

"Will you follow me, then? there's no time for asking questions about it."

"To the devil, if you lead!" I said, and meant it, too, for when with Kit I never felt fear—I seemed to borrow some of his courage.

"Then pick off that varmint skulking by the white rock," he hastily added, and I made a coup, for the Blackfoot gave his death scream.

Though the red-kins yelled furiously enough they made no rush then, and Kit motioned me to follow him. Together we reached the edge of the bank, and holding his rifle before him, to keep it from being injured, Kit slipped over the bank. I followed promptly.

The next thing I knew I